

# DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS

## BENNY'S STORY

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **LANCE PARKIN**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE:**

**THE DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN**

Time traveller.

**BERNICE SUMMERFIELD: LISA BOWERMAN**

Archaeologist, adventuress of the future. Former companion to the Doctor.

**VENHELLA: SU DOUGLAS**

Plutovian Countess, preoccupied with 'saving' TARDISEs.

**KLARNER: RICHARD EARL**

Time theory physicist and assistant to Venhella.

**SECURITY ROBOT: NICHOLAS BRIGGS**

One line. Very robotic.

**DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS BRIGGS**

**PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON**

**SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES**

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**OPENING NARRATION**

BENNY:

I'm Bernice Summerfield, friends call me Benny, and I'm, er, from the twenty-seventh century. I'm an archaeology professor, although I gave up my chair to go freelance when... no, let's not get into that here. Let's see - I travelled with the Doctor for a very long time... I think he was in his seventh body then. I met him on the planet Heaven and fought the Hoothi, a race of monsters who looked like giant ... um ... mushrooms. We had dozens of adventures. Went all across time and space.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, I left the Doctor and eventually he regenerated into a rather dashing chap with long hair. I only met that Doctor a few times. The first was in 1997. Blimey, was it really that long ago? Anyway - big spaceships over London, the Ice Warriors invaded - oh, I'm an expert on Martian history, by the way. That's my speciality - and we defeated them. I say we, but it was mainly the Doctor, as ever.

At the end of that, he dropped me off back in my native timezone and we, er, shook hands and said goodbye. Since then, I've kept myself busy. I worked at the Braxiatel Collection. I was there during that business with the Fifth Axis. I have a son, now. Loads of adventures of my own. What, you think our lives just stop and start depending on whether the Doctor's around?

Anyway. The second time I met this 'new' Doctor was on the planet Epsilon Minima. I was in the middle of an archaeological excavation in a coal mine, which wasn't exactly going very smoothly..

[fade to scene one]

**SCENE 1. EPSILON MINIMA. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER**

F/X: A COAL MINE. THE CRUNCHING OF GRAVEL WHEN ANYONE MOVES AROUND. DRILLING MACHINES BASHING AND CRACKING GREAT COALFACES. COAL SHOWERING DOWN AND PULLED AWAY ON CONVEYOR BELTS. THIS CONTINUES UNTIL WE ESTABLISH IT, THEN OVER THE DIN WE HEAR A SHOUTED -

BERNICE:

OK ... Shut down, shut down.

F/X: DRILLING MACHINES WHINE DOWN

KLARNER:

There's nothing wrong is there, Professor Summerfield?

BERNICE:

We've got enough for another survey. Give that fresh rock face a go with that gadget of yours, Klarner.

F/X: DEVICE BURBLES.

KLARNER:

Still only a faint reading.

BERNICE:

No change at all?

KLARNER:

I can't see anything.

BERNICE:

Archaeology is usually more subtle than laser drills and mining droids. This is more like quarrying. And it would help if I knew exactly what we're looking for.

KLARNER:

Er... Venhella will want to know why we've stopped.

BENNY:

That'll be Venhella and the vast sum of money she's paying me. Just reminding myself why I agreed to do this job blindfolded, as it were. Let's get back to work, then. Start the drills up.

F/X: THE DRILLS WHIRR BACK INTO LIFE. DRILLING, AS BEFORE. UNTIL ... ONE OF THE TWO MACHINES STARTS VIBRATING AND IS CLEARLY MALFUNCTIONING

BERNICE:  
Agh! Shut down, shut down!

F/X: BUT THE DRILL KEEPS GOING, OUT OF CONTROL

KLARNER:  
They're out of control! The drills, they're-

F/X: A SMALL, SMART BANG AND IT STOPS. THE OTHER DRILL NOW WHINES DOWN, AS BEFORE. AFTER A MOMENT TO LET THE DUST SETTLE, WE HEAR KLARNER CRUNCHING HIS WAY OVER

BERNICE:  
[SPLUTTERING] You OK?

KLARNER:  
[TRYING TO STIFLE HIS SPLUTTERS] Of course. We... er... we lost a couple of the robots, that's all. And you should be wearing a hard hat and work gloves, Ms Summerfield!

BERNICE:  
Thank you so much, Mr Health and Safety. But I'm perfectly safe without - Woah! Rockfall!

F/X: CHUNKS OF ROCK SHOWER DOWN FROM THE CEILING. THEY SETTLE.

BERNICE:  
Interesting... what have we here? Oh, more coal. [SPOTTING SOMETHING] Wait a minute... [STARTS SIFTING THROUGH COAL. AS SHE DOES SO...] What just happened, by the way?

KLARNER:  
We've been working these drills too hard. They'll need to stay shut down for a while. But it doesn't matter. We should proceed with hand tools from now on, anyway, otherwise we run the risk of damaging something as small as - [stops himself... Er. Mm.

BERNICE:  
As small as what? Klarner! You do know what Venhella's after, don't you? I thought as much! You said you were as much in the dark as me!

KLARNER:

[defensive] The Countess, whose terms of employment you agreed to, Ms Summerfield, made it clear that we were only to discuss immediate operational concerns with each other.

BERNICE:

I know. But there's always a problem working out what's vital information and what isn't. If I had a better idea of what we were looking for, we might have found it already. Is it this, for example?

F/X: SUDDEN CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS.

VENHELLA:

All you need to know -

BERNICE:

[startled] Countess Venhella. Please don't sneak up on us. As you can see, this is delicate stuff.

VENHELLA:

[UNIMPRESSED] What is that?

BERNICE:

A perfectly preserved fern in the middle of the coal seam.

VENHELLA:

Please don't get distracted. This is important work and we're barely on schedule. Now I'm getting reports that the lift mechanism's fused and will take hours to repair.

BERNICE:

We're nearly a day ahead of where we planned to be by now. After five days of a dig, that's good, believe me. There will always be glitches. You need to be patient. And perhaps if you'd allow me to examine these mysterious 'ancient texts' you keep mentioning-

VENHELLA:

[VERY MESSIANIC] It is forbidden knowledge.

BERNICE:

But not for you?

VENHELLA:

I have devoted my life to their study. I have come to a higher level of understanding. And you agreed not to ask any questions.

BERNICE:

[REGRETTING IT] Yes... so I did.

VENHELLA:

[CAUGHT UP IN HER 'QUEST'] This rock is fifty million years old. After so many millennia of solitude, it isn't fair to expect the world to give up its secrets easily.

BERNICE:

Er ... yes. And all that sort of thing. I was going to say 'it's like looking for an unidentified needle in a very dark haystack', but you were a lot more poetic just then. Avoided the clichés. Mostly. What are you doing?

F/X: ELECTRONIC SCANNER BLEEPES.

VENHELLA:

Have either of you checked this scanner since this section was uncovered?

KLARNER:

The drills have only just shut down, we haven't had a chance -

VENHELLA:

Incredible.

BERNICE:

Incredible?

KLARNER:

It's ... a perfect match.

VENHELLA:

You've found it. Congratulations, Professor Summerfield.

BERNICE:

Found... what?

F/X: RADIO SQUAWK.

VENHELLA:

Security robots, secure this chamber.

F/X: WE HEAR SECURITY ROBOTS APPROACHING FROM FAR OFF DOWN A NEARBY TUNNEL, WHIRRING ETC, MOVING FAST. ONCOMING THREAT.

Orbital unit, stand by.

KLARNER:

[AWED] We... found it?

BENNY:

Er... may I see that scanner, please?

F/X: SCANNER BLEEPS

It says whatever it is is embedded in the rock wall. Somewhere over...

F/X: FOOTSTEPS AS SHE LOOKS AROUND. BLEEPS OF SCANNER.

[READING SCANNER] Here ... wow. There *is* something here. Several somethings, in fact. And really quite small.

VENHELLA:

There, look! You can see it!

BENNY:

It? What? Oh yes... just poking out of the rock.

VENHELLA:

Take it out. You're wearing gloves, it's safe to.

BERNICE:

Er... hold on. We need to make measurements, take careful note of the context.

VENHELLA:

The 'context' is that we've spent a week down a mine looking for this and now we've found it. Take it! That's an order!

F/X: SECURITY ROBOTS ARRIVE. ARMS CLICK AND WHIRR MENACINGLY.

ROBOT:

Security Robots reporting. Full offensive capability engaged.

VENHELLA:

Well, 'Benny'?

BERNICE:

Um ... OK. Just don't tell any other archaeology professors or I'll have to hand in my membership badge.

F/X: SOUNDS OF HER GLOVES AND ROCK

It's quite loose, actually. Interesting ... a manufactured item. Actually ... are those coat buttons in there with it? Yes... fossilized *buttons*.

VENHELLA:

Show me the key.

BERNICE:

Key? Is that what it is? Here. It looks familiar.

VENHELLA:

You can't have seen anything like this. It's the key to a TARDIS.

BERNICE:

A ... what?

VENHELLA:

TARDIS. You won't have heard the word.

BERNICE:

Er ...

VENHELLA:

But when I touch this key, the artron differential will be shorted. The key will be re-energised. And whichever TARDIS it belongs to will be summoned ... and it will arrive - now:

[beat]

BERNICE:

Hmmmm.

[beat]



VENHELLA:  
I don't understand.

KLARNER:  
It might be because... er...[HE'S GOT NOTHING AND JUST TAILS OFF]

VENHELLA:  
Because what? [BEAT] Well shut up, then.

[beat]

BERNICE:  
Well, anyway, about my fee -

F/X: AND ... THE TARDIS MATERIALIZES

[beat]

VENHELLA:  
Yes!

KLARNER:  
That's a TARDIS?

F/X: THE TARDIS DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR STROLLS OUT.

DOCTOR:  
Hello. Hey, it's dark out here. I'm the -

BERNICE:  
Doctor!

DOCTOR:  
Yes, how did- ? Wait, you're ... Benny! Bernice Summerfield.  
Great to see -

BERNICE:  
Um, Doctor, I don't suppose you could give me a lift away  
from here?

DOCTOR:  
But I've only just- [arrived]

BENNY:  
Like, now?

DOCTOR:

'Like now?' Why, is there something - [the matter ]?

BENNY:

'Something the matter'? Yes, I think there's about to be!

VENHELLA:

Security robots!

DOCTOR:

Yes, they are, aren't they? And they don't look very friendly.

BENNY:

Quickly, Doctor!

VENHELLA:

Don't let them get inside the TARDIS!

F/X: ROBOTS BLOCK THEIR PATH. METALLIC ARMS LOCK INTO PLACE.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Look, I wasn't intending to go back in there anyway, you know.

VENHELLA:

Grab him!

F/X: METALLIC ARMS FLEX.

DOCTOR:

'Grab'? I really don't feel there's any need for any grabbing. Do you, Benny?

BERNICE:

No, but I do feel there's a need for some running! Down that tunnel! Come on!

F/X: THE DOCTOR AND BENNY ARE RUNNING OVER GRAVEL DURING THIS NEXT SEQUENCE. ROBOTS ARE TRUNDLING AFTER THEM. A LASER BOLT SIZZLES PAST.

DOCTOR:

[RUNNING] Just like old times. What's going on?

BERNICE:

[RUNNING] You know, I'm really not quite sure!

F/X: ANOTHER LASER BOLT IMPACTS NEARBY.

DOCTOR:

Argh! We haven't outrun them yet! Come on!

F/X: THEY RUN OFF.

FADE TO:

**SCENE 2. CRANNY**

AMBIENT: NARROW TUNNEL, CLAUSTROPHOBIC

BENNY:

Er... no, no, no, this is a dead end. We'll have to double-back.

DOCTOR:

Up there! You first!

BERNICE:

What? I can't get up there, I'm not a monkey.

F/X: LASER BOLT SIZZLES BY

BERNICE:

Gah!

F/X: WE HEAR BENNY SCURRYING UP, THE DOCTOR CLOSE BEHIND. THEIR VOICES ARE HUSHED. THEY'RE HIDING.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] There you go. Budge up. Tight in here.

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] Yeah. If you just move your leg so ... yeah.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Hang on... I'll put my arm ...

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] Ow!

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Sorry.

F/X: THEY SETTLE INTO PLACE

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] Doctor, it's -

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Shush.

F/X: A ROBOT TRUNDLES PAST UNDERNEATH THEM, PAUSES, THEN MOVES AWAY

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] It can't see us up here, let alone follow us. What is that, an IMC mining robot?

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] Might be... whatever it is, it's been adapted for security work. So ... what's your plan?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Years since I've seen one of those. [beat] Sorry?

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] Your brilliant plan. You know who Venhella really is, and what she wants. You're here to stop her.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Who's Venhella? Why would I need a plan? Do I need a plan? Hmmmm ... better think of one.

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] You're the Doctor, you always arrive with a plan.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Do I?

BENNY:

[SOTTO] You always did, anyway.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Did I?

BENNY:

[SOTTO] Yes.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Oh. Well, I'll see what I can do, then. It's great to see you again, by the way, Benny.

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] You don't look a day older.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Oh, you do. I mean ... you look wonderful. Been busy?

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] I think 'yes' just about covers that. Very long story. Oh - I have a son, now. Peter.

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Wow. That's great. Where is he?

BERNICE:

[SOTTO] He's with his dad.. it's another long story. And how's life treating you?

DOCTOR:

[SOTTO] Well enough. Um, back to our immediate predicament... No sign of any more robots. I think it's safe to get down now. Come on.

F/X: THEY SCRAMBLE DOWN FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE.

Ah, that's better. Now... *Who's* this Venhella person?

BERNICE:

Her full name's the Countess Ninth Circle Venhella Dun Harva Eis De Sedna.

DOCTOR:

Ah ... Plutovian aristocracy.

BERNICE:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

What are you doing with an ice heiress on a jungle planet?

BERNICE:

Jungle planet? This is Epsilon Minima.

DOCTOR:

What? But... Epsilon Minima's a frozen wilderness. I saw the scanner when the TARDIS landed. It was definitely a jungle.

BERNICE:

This isn't a jungle.

DOCTOR:

No it's not. Hmm. This happened to me before, but then it was a pollen-induced illusion -

BERNICE:

A what?

DOCTOR:

... this time, I'm not so sure... We should probably compare notes. So ... the TARDIS detected something, was homing in on it. Landed. I checked the scanner. Jungle. Stepped outside, you were there for the rest.

BERNICE:

OK. I've been here miles below the surface of Epsilon Minima in these coal mines for five days, looking for an alien artifact with a weird energy signature. Venhella's people detected it when they surveyed the system. She paid me to excavate it, but didn't tell me much about what it was. It turns out it was a TARDIS key. She already knew that exposing it would set off some sort of beacon and the TARDIS would arrive. It did, and ... you were there for the rest. Any idea what Venhella wants with a Time Lord?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps she's lonely. Us Time Lords are great company, after all.

BERNICE:

Doesn't seem very likely.

DOCTOR:

No? Did she mention me by name?

BERNICE:

[thinks] No. In fact, she said 'whatever TARDIS it belonged to', something like that.

DOCTOR:

I guess I was just unlucky, then.

BERNICE:

Here's a thought: what if she's not after you? There have to be a hundred things she would want to do with a TARDIS. Even if she doesn't want to go back in time to assassinate her ex-boyfriend or whatever, there's technology she could take. What if she's after your ship, not you?

DOCTOR:

Good luck to her with that. It'll take more than a few mining robots to get past the old girl's defences.

BERNICE:

Well ... to be fair, Venhella does have the key ...

CUT TO:



**SCENE 3. TARDIS**

F/X: THE TARDIS DOORS OPEN

VENHELLA:  
Magnificent. This is the heart of the TARDIS.

KLARNER:  
I read the legends, but this is ...

VENHELLA:  
Central console. Time rotor. Door control.

F/X: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES

KLARNER:  
[WONDERMENT] The forces it must be able to harness.

VENHELLA:  
She. This TARDIS is a 'she'. She's alive, you know.

KLARNER:  
The Earth Empire has nothing like this. Nothing. I'm not sure about it counting as 'alive', though.

VENHELLA:  
(very cold) I am.

KLARNER:  
What I mean to say is that just from a quick look at these readouts, there are things this TARDIS is capable of that are ... they're not within the scope of human endeavour.

VENHELLA:  
The Gallifreyans are ten million years in advance of us. That long ago, the ancestors of humans hadn't even climbed into the trees, let alone come down from them.

KLARNER:  
This is incredible.

VENHELLA:  
This TARDIS is alive in a way mere animals like us can never be. The Time Lord we saw won't give her up without a fight. And it turns out that Summerfield was in league with him. How is that even possible? [beat, then a radio squawk]. Security teams, check in, please.

F/X: RADIO STATIC

VENHELLA:

You said this would work in here.

KLARNER:

It should do. Try the test signal.

F/X: REGULAR ELECTRONIC BEEP

KLARNER:

That's being broadcast from our control centre. So signals can get through the TARDIS shielding.

VENHELLA:

I see. Get to the control centre and find out what the problem is.

KLARNER:

Of course.

F/X: TARDIS DOOR OPENS

VENHELLA:

[almost a whisper] Don't worry. Everything will soon be all right.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 4. MINESHAFT**

AMBIENT: ECHOEY TUNNEL, GRAVEL FLOOR

BERNICE:

Can't hear any robots. There are no security teams posted down here on the lower levels, they're all guarding the way up.

DOCTOR:

We're safe.

F/X: DISTANT GROWLING

[beat]

BERNICE:

Hundreds of years old and he's never learned about tempting fate ...

DOCTOR:

[winces]

BERNICE:

[freaked out] Doctor? What's the matter?

DOCTOR:

A twinge.

BERNICE:

You get twinges?

DOCTOR:

Not often.

BERNICE:

You never used to get twinges.

DOCTOR:

Something ... *weird* is happening.

F/X: MORE DISTANT GROWLING.

DOCTOR:

It feels like time is ... folding in on itself.

BERNICE:

I'll take your word for it. And what makes that happen?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS has defence systems. Some of them even work. If Venhella is prodding around, she might have triggered something. [A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, AS HE HAS ANOTHER TWINGE] This feels like the early stages of a time bubble. We need to get back to the ship and stop it.

F/X: A ROAR, QUITE CLOSE

BERNICE:

OK. That wasn't time bubbling or folding, that was an animal.

F/X: A ROAR IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, PROWLING NOISES

DOCTOR:

There! Don't move! A lion. I mean, sort of. Some type of big cat. Green fur, blue mane. Fangs, obviously.

BERNICE:

That's one of the TARDIS defences? A big green lion?

F/X: ANOTHER, CLOSER, ROAR

DOCTOR:

No, Benny - that's just a lion... *thing*.

BERNICE:

I can never remember. With lions do you stand your ground and look fierce, or roll over and play dead?

F/X: VERY CLOSE ROAR INDEED, SNARLING AND SLAVERING AND IT'S OBVIOUSLY RIGHT WITH THEM

DOCTOR:

Benny?

BERNICE:

Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Shut up and run!

CUT TO:

**SCENE 5. TARDIS**

F/X: CRACKLING, UNNERVING EFFECT, THE SENSE OF SOMETHING AROUND THE EDGES OF THE ROOM. TARDIS DOORS OPEN

KLARNER:

Countess! What is that?

VENHELLA:

It formed in the time rotor, it spread all across the ceiling in just a few minutes.

KLARNER:

What is it, though?

VENHELLA:

She is straining against her chains. Soon she will be free.

KLARNER:

You've activated the manumitter? It needs two people to operate.

VENHELLA:

One to operate, another to monitor the results. And the results are obvious.

F/X: A CRACKLE LASHES OUT

KLARNER:

Gah!

VENHELLA:

Stay away from the console.

KLARNER:

[horrified] My hand. Look at my hand.

VENHELLA:

Rejuvenated.

F/X: KLARNER ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVE

KLARNER:

It's a child's hand ... it's not even up to my elbow. I didn't do anything!

VENHELLA:

You should be grateful that you've been granted such a boon.

KLARNER:

It's horrific.

VENHELLA:

It's a gift. Try again, see if it rejuvenates the rest of you.

KLARNER:

No! Wait ... the walls are changing. Was that a - ?

VENHELLA:

Did you make contact with the guards?

KLARNER:

What? No. I couldn't see them on any of the monitors. But there was quite heavy distortion. The lift's still down, but there's no-one there fixing it. The only thing that's changed is the presence of the TARDIS.

VENHELLA:

And the Time Lord.

KLARNER:

I didn't see any evidence of sabotage, so [beat] There was definitely a face just then.

VENHELLA:

A face?

KLARNER:

A ... yes, I think so. In the wall. A pattern in the wall. [beat] I don't see it now.

VENHELLA:

There!

KLARNER:

[quiet] Oh my god.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 6. CAVERN/JUNGLE**

AMBIENT: CAVE, VERY NARROW, ECHOEY AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC

F/X: LION ROARS A LITTLE WAY OFF

BERNICE:

Who ever heard of a lion living down a coal mine? [beat]  
Are you all right?

DOCTOR:

[weakly] This way, Benny.

BERNICE:

You look terrible.

DOCTOR:

I'm fine.

BERNICE:

It looks narrow, are you sure there's going -

F/X: EVERYTHING SUDDENLY CHANGES. LIKE THE FABRIC OF  
REALITY JUST WOBBLED AND RESETTLED IN A DIFFERENT FORM.

WE'RE NOW ON A MOUNTAINTOP IN A JUNGLE. A SENSE OF OPEN  
SPACE. EXOTIC BIRDSONG AND INSECTS

BERNICE:

- to be room? Er... Doctor we're up a mountain. And you look  
better.

DOCTOR:

I ... feel better. And we're in a jungle. I told you I saw a  
jungle.

BERNICE:

That's the sun. But we're three miles underground. Well,  
we were just now.

DOCTOR:

Oh. This is all a bit Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe,  
isn't it? Except, ironically, I think we've just managed to  
evade the lion -

F/X: THE LION CREATURE ROARS, VERY CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Look at that! Magnificent specimen when you look at him close up, isn't he?

F/X: THERE'S A SWIPE AND A TEARING OF COAT

DOCTOR:

He got my coat!

BERNICE:

Run!

DOCTOR:

Good idea!

BERNICE:

Wait, not this way! No - !

BENNY AND THE DOCTOR:

[plummeting] Aaaaarrgggh!

F/X: THEY FALL, CRASHING INTO A LAGOON WITH ALMIGHTY SPLASHES

BERNICE:

[splutters and ughs]

DOCTOR:

You OK?

BERNICE:

Yeah.

DOCTOR:

Swim that way, to the shore. Not far.

F/X: SWIMMING NOISES, VOCAL EFFORT FROM DOCTOR AND BERNICE.

BERNICE:

I've got it.

F/X: WE HEAR THEM EMERGING FROM THE WATER.

DOCTOR:

All right?



BERNICE:

I'm dripping wet. Apart from that, I'm fine.

DOCTOR:

The lion didn't follow us down.

BERNICE:

Sensible lion. Look, I need to wring out my jumpsuit and empty out my boots.

DOCTOR:

At least it's a warm day. Soon get everything dry in this sun. It's washed off all that coal dust. Look - that lion tore my coat pocket right off. I've lost some buttons.

F/X: BENNY WRINGING OUT HER JUMPSUIT

BERNICE:

Do you mind if we stop here for a bit? Get my breath back? I was worried about you back there.

DOCTOR:

Of course. Top up your tan.

BERNICE:

Your clothes are already dry. They're made of special magic space fabric, of course.

F/X: MORE WRINGING

DOCTOR:

I'll get you the address of my tailor.

BERNICE:

It's pretty here. All these ferns.

DOCTOR:

It is. I don't suppose you recognize this place? Anything?

BERNICE:

No. All I can see is a lagoon, the side of the mountain we just fell off, and some ferns.

DOCTOR:

So... all in all... something of a puzzle. How do you get from a coal mine to a jungle without apparently moving an inch? I didn't feel a transmat beam but there was something. Whatever it was, it made me dizzy.

BERNICE:

So your theory is we moved but we didn't move? Brilliant. Great to have you back.

DOCTOR:

Ha! Got it! Go on, guess.

BERNICE:

Er ... something that's just like a transmat but isn't one really?

DOCTOR:

No. What's all around us? What's coal made from?

BERNICE:

Jungle!

DOCTOR:

That's right: plants. Miles of rock pressing down on layers of dead plants. We've travelled in time, but not in space. Millions of years into the past.

BERNICE:

This jungle is what all that coal will be made of. Was made of. Was will be. I even had a fossilized fern in my hand earlier. The lion ended up traveling from here to my time. And ... your TARDIS key was in that missing pocket, wasn't it?

DOCTOR:

What?!? [CHECKING, SUDDENLY PANICKED] Oh. Yes it was. Benny, we have to get it back.

BERNICE:

I already did, remember? It took a little while, though ...

DOCTOR:

Ah ... it fell on the ground after the lion attacked, then got buried, ended up embedded in a coal seam. Ha! I can't even lose a key without it turning into an epic adventure.

BERNICE:

OK. But *why* did we just travel back millions of years?

DOCTOR:

[AS IF IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING] It's the TARDIS defending itself.

BERNICE:

Er... You're going to have to explain a little bit more than that.

DOCTOR:

One of the emergency protocols.

BERNICE:

Bit more.

DOCTOR:

To prevent Time Lord technology falling into the wrong hands.

BERNICE:

[NOT FOLLOWING] And it does this by sending us back millions of years?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Well, sort of. You see, the TARDIS quarantines itself. It can't just leave time and space, not with that Venhella woman inside. So the TARDIS is creating a bubble out of a sliver of space/time, plopping the bubble out of the universe. Trouble is, there'll be no way back once the bubble is fully formed.

BERNICE:

And that'll be you and me stuck here, millions of years in the past, with no escape.

DOCTOR:

Nicely put.

BERNICE:

Just us and the lions.

DOCTOR:

Either that, or we come up with a way back to the TARDIS before the bubble forms.

BERNICE:

OK. Sounding promising so far.

DOCTOR:

We've got about ten minutes, by the way.

BERNICE:

So how do we - ?

DOCTOR:

No idea. Not a clue. Not a sausage. Sorry.

BERNICE:

Well, we - [SEEING SOMETHING] Gah!

DOCTOR:

What?

BERNICE:

There!

DOCTOR:

Where?

BERNICE:

There! Something was watching us. I saw eyes.

DOCTOR:

The lion?

BERNICE:

No.

DOCTOR:

A person?

BERNICE:

I don't know what it was. Just look out for it while I get this jumpsuit back on.

DOCTOR:

That's still wet. I didn't see anything. The mind plays tricks, Benny. It was probably just branches.

BERNICE:

[muttered] I know what branches look like. They don't have eyes. [beat] Doctor! It's coming.

DOCTOR:  
What is?

BERNICE:  
Move!

CUT TO:

**SCENE 7. TARDIS**

F/X: THE ANOMALOUS NOISE SURGING AND CRACKLING AWAY

VENHELLA:

Haven't you realised what that creature is, Klarner? What she is? This is the soul of the TARDIS.

KLARNER:

Soul is such a vague term that -

VENHELLA:

[proclaiming] TARDIS!

F/X: THE CRACKLING SUBSIDES.

VENHELLA:

I am on your side.

F/X: THE CRACKLING SEEMS TO INTENSIFY

VENHELLA:

Get the manumitter. Show it her.

KLARNER:

Um ... all right.

VENHELLA:

[addressing the creature] This device is a manumitter.

F/X: A CHANGE IN PITCH FROM THE CRACKLING

KLARNER:

Do you think it understood? It's ... big, isn't it?

VENHELLA:

It transcends dimensions.

KLARNER:

I'm not sure it's responding to what you're saying.

VENHELLA:

TARDIS ... you are chained. These links go deep into many dimensions, they exist in the realm of mind as well as matter.

F/X: THE MANUMITTER STARTS UP, A PIECE OF INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY, BUT WITH WEIRD LITTLE COUNTERPOINTS

VENHELLA:

The manumitter will sever those chains. You will be free.

F/X: A ROAR FROM THE CREATURE. THE CRACKLING NOISE IS SWIRLING AND STRAINING, SEEMINGLY AT RANDOM DURING THE REST OF THIS SCENE.

KLARNER:

Judging from my instruments, the local structure of reality has become extremely volatile.

VENHELLA:

We're making history, Klarner.

KLARNER:

I'm not sure we're doing anything. How would we tell? We don't understand -

VENHELLA:

You might not comprehend this. I do. The TARDIS is shaking itself free.

KLARNER:

You need to look at these readings.

VENHELLA:

'Need'?

KLARNER:

Countess, if you know what is going on, please explain it to me. I've spent thirty years studying time theory and I haven't a clue.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 8. JUNGLE**

F/X: DOCTOR AND BENNY RUNNING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, COMING TO A HALT

BERNICE:  
[out of breath] All right, all right.

DOCTOR:  
I didn't see anything.

BERNICE:  
It saw you.

DOCTOR:  
But we've lost it?

BERNICE:  
[panting] I think so. This isn't the first time I've been trapped in a collapsing pocket universe being stalked by some semi-visible unknown creature. [muttered] God, it isn't even the second. Still ... at least we've got away from it -

F/X: THE LION ROARS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM

BERNICE:  
Oh. The lion. Terrific.

CUT TO:



**SCENE 9. TARDIS**

AMBIENT: TARDIS, WITH DISCORDANT CRACKLING NOISES.

F/X: KLARNER AND VENHELLA ARE BOTH PANICKING. VENHELLA IS DOING HER BEST TO HIDE IT

KLARNER:

It's like there are two universes. The spatial distortion, those areas of grey and black. The barrier seems to be that back wall.

VENHELLA:

This may be what it is normally like inside a TARDIS. At least one in her natural state.

KLARNER:

Or we might have hurt her. The instruments all indicate that there's a problem.

VENHELLA:

You can't possibly read them.

KLARNER:

I think the TARDIS is ... helping me to. Translating.

VENHELLA:

Talking down to you.

KLARNER:

If you like, yes. There's a hypersphere, a five dimensional sphere. It looks newly-formed. We're on one edge. The faces we're seeing are outside. Trying to break in.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 10. JUNGLE**

F/X: LION ROARING EVERY SO OFTEN, CLOSE TO BENNY

DOCTOR:

Don't do anything to provoke it, Benny.

BERNICE:

[hissed] Really? I was planning to provoke it. 'That's what's needed', I thought to myself, 'a bit of lion-provocation'.

DOCTOR:

It looks hungry, don't you think?

BERNICE:

Obviously TARDIS keys aren't very filling. [beat] Ah!

DOCTOR:

What now?

BERNICE:

[panic] It's the thing ...

DOCTOR:

Thing?

BERNICE:

Yes, it was... a face.

DOCTOR:

Face? You didn't say it was a face!

BERNICE:

It's found us. Look.

DOCTOR:

Where? I don't see it - Point to it.

BERNICE:

[real panic] It's coming for me, it's - Doctor, I -

F/X: CRACKLING NOISE SWEEPS UP AND OVER, HITTING THE LION, WHICH ROARS AND SCREECHES. THEN THERE'S A WEIRD, VAGUELY TARDISY NOISE. THEN SILENCE.

BERNICE:  
What the - ?

DOCTOR:  
Bones.

BERNICE:  
Lion bones. With a key and some buttons. Don't touch them, remember? We have to leave them be.

DOCTOR:  
Something accelerated time. Aged the lion centuries in just seconds.

BERNICE:  
That creature.

DOCTOR:  
No ... I don't think so.

BERNICE:  
You didn't see it. I get that. You've got to accept that there's something here.

DOCTOR:  
Shush. Wait. We must be right on the edge of the time bubble.

BERNICE:  
We're not going to be aged like that if we hang around, are we?

DOCTOR:  
We're not going to hang around. I can sense a fissure in time...

BERNICE:  
How do can you sense that?

DOCTOR:  
Oh... like humans can feel the wind on their face. [beat]  
Come on. This way - it's very close.

F/X: THEY START WALKING AGAIN.

BERNICE:  
So does that mean you've found a -

THE WHOLE SETTING SUDDENLY WOBBLER BACK INTO... THE CAVE THE TARDIS LANDED IN.

BERNICE:

- way back? Oh ... you're good.

DOCTOR:

Landed us right next to the TARDIS. Hello, old girl. Door's open. Fancy a look inside, Benny? For old time's sake?

BERNICE:

After you -

CUT TO:

**SCENE 11. TARDIS**

F/X: THE CRACKLING NOISE IS ALL AROUND

DOCTOR:

Hello, everyone. I'm the Doctor. I'm afraid you're trespassing. This is my TARDIS.

VENHELLA:

No, Doctor. Not any more.

DOCTOR:

Ah, hello, you must be the would-be thief. Nice to meet you.

BERNICE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

What now?

BERNICE:

You still don't see it? Doctor, it's the thing that was chasing us. It's beaten us here. Look, there... the wall.

KLARNER:

It's been here hours. Appeared shortly after we entered.

DOCTOR:

You both see it, too? Hmmmm ... over here on the back wall?

F/X: CRACKING SURGES

KLARNER:

Stay back! It ... did *this* to my hand.

DOCTOR:

It did? Oh dear. Then it's using the release of accelerated temporal energy as... well, a food source. But why can't I see it?

VENHELLA:

It is the soul of the TARDIS, liberated from enslavement.

BERNICE:

The what of the TARDIS whatted from its what?

VENHELLA:

A TARDIS should be free, not harnessed by Time Lords.

DOCTOR:

And since when was that up to you to decide?

VENHELLA:

It has rights. It will be freed from oppression.

BERNICE:

Um... Doctor, I don't know if you've noticed, but they seem to have attached something to the console.

DOCTOR:

Now *that* I can see.

KLARNER:

It's a manumitter.

DOCTOR:

I'm well aware of that. And how exactly did you get one of these smuggled out of Gallifrey? They're illegal. Locked away.

KLARNER:

It severs the -

DOCTOR:

- telepathic link between a Time Lord and his TARDIS, but only when a TARDIS has been completely powered down. And that's not what I asked.

VENHELLA:

I have devoted my life and my fortune to the study of the Time Lords.

DOCTOR:

Ah, the idle minds of the rich. Couldn't you have found something better to do with your spare time? Redistribution of your ill-gotten Plutovian fortunes, perhaps? Just a suggestion, of course.

VENHELLA:

It became clear to me that your so-called mastery of time was nothing but enslavement of a far worthier species.

DOCTOR:

Species? You're saying my TARDIS is- ?

VENHELLA:

It's not your TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

[FINALLY SNAPS] It's not *yours*, either, Venhella. Now listen, I don't deny your right to get involved in some so-called worthy cause - that's apparently the prerogative of the privileged classes throughout eternity! And sometimes it can even do some good. But whatever crazy notions you've got into your head, the fact is that separating me from the TARDIS would be a little like 'freeing' a fighter plane from its pilot, mid-flight.

VENHELLA:

Typical Time Lord degenerate gibberish. The bankrupt defence of-

DOCTOR:

Look, I'm sure you mean well, but have you ever been to Gallifrey? Have you ever met a Time Lord? Ever been in a TARDIS before?

VENHELLA:

I have studied the ancient texts of-

DOCTOR:

[ANGRY] Of a bunch of ancient conspiracy theorists no doubt! Look, the Time Lords are powerful. A lot of people resent that. I certainly do from time to time.

VENHALLA:

They are corrupt, decadent-

DOCTOR:

It's arguable! And I'm not here to offer a defence. But they are not evil enslavers of their TARDISES! The relationship between a Time Lord and his TARDIS is infinitely more complex than that. And, frankly, it's... well, it's *private*! [RECOVERS A LITTLE] Now, you've already caused a great deal of damage here, Countess. So, stand aside and be quiet while Benny and I think of a way out your mess.

BERNICE:

Can't we just reverse the effect of the manumitter?  
Somehow...

DOCTOR:

The damage is done. The manumitter should never been attached without inputting coded shutdown protocols. Idiots! That's why the TARDIS has fully activated her defences. And the stress between that and the power of the manumitter is tearing holes into other dimensions... other universes.

BERNICE:

Oh... great. So ... how do we fight it?

DOCTOR:

Fight it? Benny, I can't see it.

BERNICE:

What? You mean it's down to us humans, then. Me and Klarner?

KLARNER:

Of course. I'll stand with you, Professor Summerfield, we'll show it what -

F/X: A BOLT OF ENERGY BLASTS KLARNER INTO PIECES.

Aaaaaaargh!

[beat]

BERNICE:

Klarner!

DOCTOR:

That 'thing' you can see did *that*?

BERNICE:

Well of course it did.

DOCTOR:

Total absorption of energy.

VENHELLA:

That 'thing', as you call it, is the TARDIS, *finally free*.



DOCTOR:

Er... It really isn't. It's something leaking in from another dimension and judging by what it did to poor Klarner, I think it's hungry.

VENHELLA:

Don't listen to his Time Lord lies. The TARDIS is breaking free and we must help it!

BERNICE:

Help it? What, that thing? I really don't think it needs any help from us to do anything. Er... You really should get back, Countess.

VENHELLA:

No, I will help it. That's why I'm here! To set it free!

F/X: ENERGY SURGES AROUND VENHELLA

DOCTOR:

Venhella, no!!!

VENHELLA:

[ECSTATIC] It's incredible. Yes!

F/X: BUT THE NOISE STARTS SOUNDING MUCH MORE SINISTER, AGGRESSIVE

BERNICE:

Venhella!

DOCTOR:

[IN AWE] It's consuming her.

BERNICE:

What? You can see it now?

DOCTOR:

No, but I can see the effect of what it's doing. It's like it's merging with Venhella. Why would it do that?

BERNICE:

I've got a question, too: why aren't we running very fast in the other direction?

VENHELLA:

[PANICKING] No! No! It's not the TARDIS, it's not the TARDIS! It ... it's monstrous.

DOCTOR:

I hate to say I told you so, but you haven't freed the soul of a TARDIS, you've made cracks in the fabric of the universe. And this creature has slipped through. Perhaps that's what your ancient conspiracy theorists wanted all along.

BERNICE:

Don't tell me - the release of an unspeakable, omnipotent evil from before the dawn of time that's going to enslave us all.

DOCTOR:

Probably not. It's probably just hungry. And now the TARDIS has trapped it in this time bubble, the only food it can find-

BERNICE:

Is us?

DOCTOR:

No, you! You, Venhella and poor Klarner. I can't see it. It can't see me. Clearly, I'm not to its taste... or rather, we inhabit different energy wavelengths.

BERNICE:

Are you talking rubbish?

DOCTOR:

Possibly, but the fact remains that *that* creature and I could pass like ships in the night and never notice each other.

VENHELLA:

[BEING CONSUMED] Barely beyond the bounds of our universe there are strange forms of life that even the Time Lords don't fully understand.

DOCTOR:

Couldn't have put it better myself. This is one of those. But I think it's just... well, an animal. A predator, if you like... bit like a shark.

BERNICE:

And, like a shark, it eats people?

VENHELLA:

A whole universe to feed on ...

DOCTOR:

If it ever gets free of this time bubble. If we keep it here, it'll eventually starve and die.

BERNICE:

But only after it's eaten us. And it's a mindless animal, so we can't reason with it?

DOCTOR:

Bingo.

BERNICE:

Great to see you again, by the way. Not sure I mentioned that before, not sure I'll get the chance later.

DOCTOR:

Venhella! Give me your hand! Can you do that? Take the hand of a degenerate, corrupt decadent!?!

VENHELLA:

Yes, but why?

DOCTOR:

I'm going to give it a dose of indigestion. [GRABS HER] That's it!

F/X: CRACKLING RUSH OF ENERGY.

Now, *pull!!!*

VENHELLA:

[CRACKLING, ELECTRONIC TREATMENT] Aaaargh!

F/X: SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

[GROANS IN PAIN] Ugh... I'm... free... free of it.

BERNICE:

Are you all right?

VENHELLA:

Yes, but I feel—

BERNICE:

Not you! Doctor?

DOCTOR:

[CRACKLING ELECTRONIC TREATMENT] Can you see it? I can't feel a thing.

BERNICE:

It's all around you.

DOCTOR:

You'd better get out of here. This might not be pretty. Go on, run! Run!

BERNICE:

Come on, Venhella, with me!

CUT TO:

**SCENE 12. COAL MINE**

F/X: TARDIS DOORS OPEN. ALL IS CALM

VENHELLA:

What's he going to do? Is... is he sacrificing himself for us?

BERNICE:

I... I don't know. I sincerely hope he's not going to be that corny.

VENHELLA:

This is all my fault.

BERNICE:

That's just about the first sensible thing I think I've heard you say. You shouldn't believe everything you read in ancient texts. Ancient people are just as capable as being stupid as... well, as you are! And if you've just forced the Doctor to kill himself... frankly, I might not be responsible for my actions.

F/X: TINKLING OF TARDIS KEY.

VENHELLA:

[SELF PITY] All because of this thing ...

DOCTOR:

My TARDIS key. I'll take that, ta very much.

F/X: DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM.

BERNICE:

Doctor! [BEAT] What did you just do?

DOCTOR:

Er... I gave it indigestion... sort of. Really didn't like me. Spat me out. Then I sealed that time bubble the TARDIS had created.

BERNICE:

Sealed it?

DOCTOR:

It was just about fully formed. Then I jettisoned it back through the interdimensional hole. With the vortex shark inside it.

BERNICE:

Vortex Shark? You just made that up.

DOCTOR:

I did. Need a lift?

BERNICE:

Um... well... er... Yes. I'd like that. Bye, then, Countess.

VENHELLA:

Everyone's dead. Klarner's dead. The guards. You can't leave me here.

DOCTOR:

Can't I now? Why should I help you? You nearly wrecked my TARDIS; you unleashed a carnivorous inter-dimensional... Basically, you did a lot of bad stuff. I'm not sure I like you much at all.

VENHELLA:

I can't even operate the lift to get back to the surface.

DOCTOR:

Try pressing the button with the 'up' arrow.

BERNICE:

The mechanism was damaged earlier.

DOCTOR:

Someone will realise you're missing, Venhella. Sooner or later. By the time they arrive, you'll have come to understand that you got off lightly.

BERNICE:

Nice meeting you, Venhella.

F/X: THEY ENTER THE TARDIS.

**SCENE 13. INTERIOR TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.**

F/X: DOORS CLOSING. DOCTOR STARTS FIDDLING WITH CONTROLS.

BERNICE:

I suspect there's not much point sending her an invoice.

DOCTOR:

Venhella? I don't know, if she was paying you to find my TARDIS key, technically you did the work.

BERNICE:

If you jettisoned the time bubble into another universe, how does that affect the whole cause and effect thing?

DOCTOR:

What, about my key turning up in the distant past of this planet?

BERNICE:

That and a few other issues.

DOCTOR:

Best to leave all that clever time stuff to us decadent Time Lords.

BERNICE LAUGHS.

DOCTOR:

I know, instead of worrying about that, let's go to Hedonex. It's a spa planet in Galaxy Seven.

BERNICE:

Spa planet?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. Hedonexians have five hands and do the best massages in the universe. The planet has caves that form natural saunas. A peculiarity of the mineral composition there means the rainwater tastes like champagne and natural springs bubble up warm, scented baby oil.

BERNICE:

How does that even work?

DOCTOR:

Er... I keep meaning to ask, but always end up getting distracted.

BERNICE:

I'll drink to that. I'll stick to rainwater, of course.

DOCTOR:

It's good to have a plan.

**FINAL NARRATION**

BENNY:

We spent a week on Hedonax. It's great, you should definitely go if you get the chance. After that, the Doctor took me home in the TARDIS. And because he took me home in the TARDIS... well... he didn't quite manage to get me there straight away... Not the most organised of the Doctors I've known, but very possibly the most fun.

*CRASH IN CLOSING THEME*



# DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS

## 2: FITZ'S STORY

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **STEVE COLE**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE:**

**THE DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN**

Time traveller.

**FITZ KREINER: MATT DI ANGELO**

M, 27. Blokey bloke from 1963. Fancies himself as Sean Connery. (He's not.)

**COMMANDER HELLAN FEMOR: FENELLA WOOLGAR**

F, 40+. Soldier-turned-businesswoman. Founder of Alien Defence Inc.

**MICHAEL ROND: PAUL THORNLEY**

M, 40+. For-hire director of ADI's TV commercials.

**GASTAN: RICHARD EARL**

M, 20s. Dimwit cleaner. Secretly a deadly alien Scarpok.

**GEM WESTON: SU DOUGLAS**

F, 30s. Assured TV anchorwoman.

**ALSO: TESTIMONIAL MAN/WOMAN; SOBBING TESTIMONIAL MAN;  
MALE/FEMALE VOICEOVER ARTISTES; CALLER.**

---

**DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS BRIGGS**

**PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON**

**SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES**

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY**

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**PRE-TITLES:**

**1. NARRATION**

FITZ:

The name's Kreiner. Fitz Kreiner. In 1963 I was 27 years old, drudging through my days at a garden centre. I'd always wanted my life to be like one of those Hollywood movies, full of intrigue and glamour and spice. Instead, it was like one of those cheap telly efforts – dull, overlong and I didn't understand what the hell any of it meant. Then I bumped into the Doctor. And I took the lifeline he threw out from his old police box. I wanted to travel, to see just how big life could be, how a skinny little Herbert like me could make a real difference... (BEAT) Plus, what a fantastic way of impressing the birds!

(OPENING THEME)

**2. INT. GLOSSY TV ADVERT FOR ALIEN DEFENCE INC.**

(AS TITLE MUSIC FADES, OTT DRAMATIC, STRIDENT MUSIC STARTS UP AND CONTINUES UNDER:)

DOCTOR:

Hello. I am the Doctor. A traveller from beyond space. As you know, I've done what I can to defend planet Entusso from the deadly machinations of evil extra-terrestrials...

(CUT TO -)

TESTIMONIAL WOMAN:

The Vermin Queens were attacking my children. The Doctor drove them back, saved my little ones, saved the whole street.

(CUT TO -)

TESTIMONIAL MAN:

Genius! Got us out of the Hemjax conflagration alive. Just a genius.

(CUT TO -)

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS FONDLY) I do so often land up in the thick of things. And yes, I get results. But I'm strictly a tourist, just passing through.

(CUT TO -)

TESTIMONIAL WOMAN:

I did wonder, what happens if these alien things attack again and we're defenceless?

DOCTOR:

I can't always be there when Entusso comes under attack. Luckily, now I don't need to be, thanks to ADI - Alien Defence Incorporated.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS)

DEEP VOICEOVER:

Alien... Defence... Incorporated. The rapid-response extraterrestrial call-out service.

DOCTOR:

Aliens know you're out there. Some are benign. Some are not.

(MUSIC BECOMES SAD, LOW-KEY. UNDER IT:)

SOBBING TESTIMONIAL MAN:

Unknown aliens destroyed my settlement in the Entusso Outlands. There was no-one to turn to, no-one who could help..

(STRIDENT MUSIC AGAIN:)

FEMOR:

I'm Commander Hellan Femor, late of Entusso's Colony Patrol Alpha. And I founded ADI to make sure this kind of atrocity will never happen again. ADI offers an instant investigation service and guaranteed protection against everything from alien abduction to full-on invasion – at very reasonable prices.

DOCTOR:

As I travel on through the stars, I'm comforted to know your lives are in safe hands – the hands of Alien Defence Incorporated. One call – one valid credit card – brings you and your loved ones the best possible protection from alien attack. Trust me, I know. I'm the Doctor.

### **3. INT. TARDIS (CONSOLE ROOM)**

(MUSIC AND SOUND CONTINUE DIRECTLY FROM SCENE 2, ONLY NOW SOUND TINNY AND WITH TARDIS AMBIENCE – WE'RE HEARING IT THROUGH THE TARDIS TV)

ADVERT DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Remember – at the first suspicion of alien activity, contact ADI on the number on-screen now. 71-72-7771.

DEEP VOICE/JINGLE:

(DISTORT) ADI. One call can save the world.

DOCTOR:

All right, Fitz, switch it off.

FITZ:

No way! Can we run it back? I'm waking Anji for this!

DOCTOR:

Those were Bactrian cocktails you gave her last night. Let her sleep it off.

FITZ:

Yeah, but Doctor, she won't want to miss –

DOCTOR:

No-one can miss it. That infomercial's going out on ten thousand channels.

FITZ:

Ten thousand? Back home we had two, and there was still nothing on. Anyway – come on. How much did they bung you?

DOCTOR:

What?

FITZ:

For doing the ad.

DOCTOR:

That wasn't me!

FITZ:

Right. It's so typical. I mean, I help out with the vermin queens, I get stung in the back and laid up for days – you land an advertising contract.

DOCTOR:

No. Alien Defence Incorporated are using my likeness. A hyper-animated construct, with very detailed modelling ...

FITZ:

So – they've been spying on you?

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily. Entusso's a bit like Earth – television-obsessed and unusually prone to alien attack. Sam and I had to spend six weeks here once, one high-profile invasion after another...

FITZ:

Fancy.

DOCTOR:

During the Hensk uprising, one station ran non-stop live coverage – of me!

FITZ:

So you became a bit of a celebrity, then...

DOCTOR:

A bit.

FITZ:

And now you're giving endorsements. (ADOPTS WOMAN'S VOICE:) Ooooh, that nice Doctor said I should phone Alien Defence, I think I'll give them all my money... (OWN VOICE) What'll they have you doing next?

DOCTOR:

That's what worries me. I mean if that construct's a product of Entusso technology it shouldn't be able to think or act for itself. But even so, they could program it [to do anything –]

FITZ:

Hang on, what do you mean? It's not going to be alien technology, is it? Not if ADI are protecting people from aliens...

DOCTOR:

Ah, but are they? Or is this part of a scam? The overture to an invasion?

FITZ:

What, like – a nasty alien turns up in Entusso Central and starts knacker the power supply. Mrs Mills spots them and calls ADI to sort it out – but ADI sent the nasty alien in the first place! And that tips them off that someone's seen the nasty alien so they send another nasty alien to off Mrs Mills so they can keep knacker the power supply in peace?

DOCTOR:

Never has a theory been brought so penetratingly to life.

FITZ:

So what're you gonna do?

DOCTOR:

First, we do a bit of a background check, see if they're on the level.

FITZ:

Fab. Fitz Kreiner, private eye, dishes the dirt. And then?

DOCTOR:

And then, pay a visit to ADI's headquarters...

**4. INT. ADI CALL CENTRE**

(FX: THE TRILL OF SEVERAL SPACE-AGE TELEPHONES. ONE IS ANSWERED BY COMMANDER HELLAN FEMOR)

FEMOR:

Hello, Alien Defence Incorporated rapid-response helpline – Fleet Commander Hellan Femor speaking, please state the nature of your inter-terrestrial... OHHH! Extra-terrestrial! Not Inter-terrestrial! (SLAMS DOWN PHONE) Sorry, Rond.

ROND:

Cut! OK, Hellan, we'll go again. Back behind the desk, please. Yes. That's lovely.

FEMOR:

I don't want "lovely". I want the people to see we're professional. If they don't believe we can help them... none of this will work.

(FX: SQUEAKY WHEEL AND RATTLE OF GASTAN'S CLEANING TROLLEY, APPROACHING. GASTAN IS HUMMING SOMETHING IN THE BACKGROUND)

ROND:

All right! ADI pop-up-ad five, pre-watershed, take... (IRRITATED) Can we move the cleaner out of shot?

FEMOR:

What? Oh. Gastan, isn't it?

(GASTAN SEEMS SLIGHTLY SLOW BUT EAGER TO PLEASE)

GASTAN:

Yes! I am Gastan.

FEMOR:

(SPEAKING SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) Can you clean in here later, please? We're shooting an infomercial. Making TV pictures.

GASTAN:

Oh. Sorry! I go clean toilets. Come back later.

(FX: TROLLEY WHEEL SQUEAKS AS GASTAN PUSHES IT AWAY. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM)

FEMOR:

Cheap but useless.

(FX: PHONE TRILLS)

ROND:

(ANNOYED) I didn't cue the phone!



FEMOR:

It must be a genuine caller! (ANSWERS PHONE) ADI rapid-response helpline, please state... Sorry. What have you seen?

CALLER:

(DISTORT) Lights in the sky. Moving like one of them damn alien ships would move. Over Westville and Bushston.

FEMOR:

That's fifteenth parallel, right?

CALLER:

(DISTORT) Yeah... Is this it? The big invasion?

FEMOR:

We'll check it out, sir. Thank you for your call.

CALLER:

(DISTORT) You gonna charge me for this?

FEMOR:

No sir, no charge for sightings.

CALLER:

(DISTORT) I called the police, they won't do a damn thing.

FEMOR:

I'm afraid the emergency services refuse to respect the threat, sir. But we're onto it. Thanks.

(FX: HANGS UP)

ROND:

Lights in the sky? Who are these weirdos?

FEMOR:

I'll run the vectors through our observation sats. I'm... expecting somebody.

ROND:

You'd hardly have sunk a hefty war pension into this set-up if you weren't.

**5. EXT. ADI HEADQUARTERS, NIGHT.**

(IT'S QUIET. DOCTOR AND FITZ ARE INTRUDERS HERE, THEY SPEAK QUIETLY.)

DOCTOR:

Here we are, then. It's midnight.

FITZ:

And ADI Head Office awaits, I know. Why d'you have to break in? Why not just make an appointment with that Femor bird?

DOCTOR:

I will make an appointment. Once I've searched through her files – so when I talk to her, I'll know if she's lying.

FITZ:

Why didn't you just land the TARDIS inside the building?

DOCTOR:

Automated defences. The TARDIS would set off any motion detectors inside. Now then...

(FX: FITZ TAPS HIPFLASK)

FITZ:

A sip from my hip little flask before you go in?

DOCTOR:

No, thanks. (SNIFFS) Is that a Bactrian cocktail? I've told you, you never gulp it, you [put two drops on a...]

FITZ:

You put two drops on a sugarcube, yeah, yeah. Tell you what, we'll have a couple when you get out. Shouldn't take you long, should it? I mean, this Femor bird checks out as war hero. ADI's properly registered, weapons cleared by the military, premises paid for by private donation –

DOCTOR:

Femor's an old soldier. She can pull in favours from all over. But if she's not on the level...

FITZ:

Anonymous donor could mean googly-eyed monster. I know.

DOCTOR:

Right. So, wait in the TARDIS till daybreak, and if I'm not out by then... Use the contacts I gave you. See you later.

FITZ:

You'd better. Be careful, Doctor, OK?

(FITZ LEAVES)

DOCTOR:

Right. Entry coder here... Infinity bar there... Sonic screwdriver here... (FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

(FX: GRIND OF GEARS. DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:

And we're in!

**6. INT. ADI HEADQUARTERS (FOYER)**

(DOCTOR MOVES CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE FOYER. FX: DOOR CLOSSES)

DOCTOR:  
Foyer seems safe enough... whoa!

(FX: SUDDEN WHIRRING OF MECHANICAL PARTS)

ROBOT:  
Intruder detected.

DOCTOR:  
Uh-huh.

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

ROBOT (SLURRING):  
Warning. Any attempt to tamper with my command protocols...

(FX: ELECTRONIC BLOOPS AND BLEEPES. WHIRRING STOPS)

DOCTOR:  
Automated security. Can't get the staff. Or don't want the prying eyes. Now, let's have a look at the building layout...

ROBOT:  
Displaying building layout.

DOCTOR:  
Great.

ROBOT:  
And instigating back-up security protocol one - pacification gas.

(FX: GAS HISSING OUT)

DOCTOR:  
No! No, no, no -

(SOUND GETS ECHOEY AS THE DOCTOR COLLAPSES)

(FADE)

**7. INT. FEMOR'S OFFICE**

(THE DOCTOR GROANS, WAKING, RESTRAINED ON A COUCH)

DOCTOR:

... What was in that stuff?

(FX: DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:

Ah! Come to set me free, have you? Let's see you, then. Trussed up like this I can't turn my head. ... Oh, fine. This is how you want to play it, is it? The clever bigwigs of Alien Defence Incorporated gathered in their swish executive office, gloating in silence over the helpless Doctor. First you make an impostor Doctor, then you grab the real thing. What's next, eh?

(FX: SQUEAKY WHEEL OF TROLLEY AS GASTAN ENTERS)

GASTAN:

Er... I'm just the cleaner.

DOCTOR:

Pardon?

GASTAN:

I'm the cleaner. Normally I clean the Director's office in the evening. But they were making TV pictures yesterday and -

(FX: FEMOR ENTERS, TALKING ON COMMUNICATOR)

FEMOR:

Keep holding my calls, I haven't time now. The Doctor's... (SEES GASTAN) I'll call you back. (FX: BLEEP) Gastan, what the hell are you doing here?

GASTAN:

(SCARED) Cleaning, Director Femor. I have got a pass -

FEMOR:

I gave instructions my office was out of bounds! Go!

(FX: BUCKET LIFTED, DOOR OPENS, GASTAN EXITS, DOOR CLOSES)

DOCTOR:

How long have I been unconscious?

FEMOR

A good eighteen hours.

DOCTOR:

What??

FEMOR:

I'm sorry for the strength of the disabling gas, but ADI is a prime target for alien attack. We have to be prepared. (BEAT) I take it, from your attempts at covert entry, you've seen ADI's advertising campaign and it's made you suspicious?

DOCTOR:

[SARDONIC] Why ask me when you could ask your replica?

FEMOR:

A good idea.

(FX: SHE PRESSES A BUTTON. HUM OF POWER. DIFFERENT, SMALLER DOOR OPENS)

CONSTRUCT DOCTOR:

Hello! I'm the Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hardly! What are you, a level two construct?

FEMOR:

Level one, Doctor. It can't talk as such, its speech is pre-programmed. But on the plus side it can give you a glass of water.

CONSTRUCT DOCTOR:

I get results. (GARGLES)

(FX: SODA-SIPHON TYPE NOISE — HE'S SQUIRTING OUT WATER)

DOCTOR (UNIMPRESSED):

You converted a novelty drinks dispenser into a replica of me?

FEMOR:

Popular at parties, I believe. (SHRUGS) My budget wouldn't stretch any further. But the construct's brought you here.

DOCTOR:

And now you're the one keeping me here.

FEMOR:

You broke into my premises, naturally I've detained you. However...

(FX: CLANK AS RESTRAINTS OPEN)

DOCTOR (RUBS WRISTS):

Thanks. Nice to be able to move again. So! Why are you tricking the people of Entusso, saying I endorse your organisation?

FEMOR:

For their own protection, the people must trust in ADI's effectiveness. I tried to contact you, to get your proper permission. But you can't be contacted, can you? You're a part-time saviour. You save worlds at your convenience.

DOCTOR:

I never set myself up as your champion!

FEMOR:

(ANGRY) You know how many times we've been attacked in the past. And still the world government won't fund a central military organisation to defend against extra-terrestrials.

DOCTOR:

So you offer your own protection to individuals – at a price.

FEMOR:

We charge to cover overheads and fund expansion, not to turn a profit. I used the construct to get your attention, to draw you here. I want to recruit you as a freelance consultant, an expert.

DOCTOR:

Sorry. I don't work for anyone.

FEMOR:

Then at least give us your endorsement for real.

DOCTOR:

That's not how I operate!

FEMOR:

It's not only the people I must convince of ADI's effectiveness – it's the aliens lining up to attack. Your association will deter certain species, that's irrefutable.

DOCTOR:

Um... Is it? What's the time?

FEMOR:

Huh? Six-thirty.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. I hate to refute the irrefutable... Actually, that's not true, I revel in it. But... (SIGHS) We've just missed Channel One's Six o'Clock Siren show, haven't we. But you'll have ViewTel Plus, right? You'd better take a look.

FEMOR:

(FX: TURNS ON TV). Give me Channel One, show One-Six-zero.

**8. INT: TV STUDIO (THE SIX O'CLOCK SIREN SHOW)**

(UP-TEMPO MUSIC STARTS UP, THE SIX O'CLOCK SIREN SIG TUNE. AS IT ENDS, GEM WESTON, THE CAPABLE ANCHORWOMAN, SPEAKS)

GEM:

Good evening, I'm Gem Weston. Welcome to your top-rated Six O'Clock Siren. Coming up tonight –

(MUSIC STING)

GEM:

Those lights in the sky – are they really natural phenomena as the experts would have us believe, or do they herald the coming of yet more bloodthirsty aliens from space?

(FURTHER MUSIC STING)

GEM:

And in the studio tonight we have Fitz Kreiner, space traveller and close compatriot of that world famous enigma, the Doctor. Or rather, as he sensationally claims today exclusively to the Six O'Clock Siren – Fitz Kreiner is the power behind the Doctor's throne. The real thwarter of alien plots both here on Entusso and beyond. Mr Kreiner, welcome.

FITZ:

Good evening. Call me Fitz.

(FITZ TALKS CONFIDENTLY WITH SLIGHT AIRS – A PERFORMANCE)

GEM:

The claims you're making will shock millions all over Entusso.

FITZ:

I had never planned to come out with the truth. But having seen the adverts John's made recently –

GEM:

John? You mean the Doctor?

FITZ:

His real name's John Smith. Now you know why I had to call him something more dramatic.

GEM:

A doctor, a healer of people and worlds...

FITZ:

Right. You're very perceptive for someone so beautiful.



GEM:

(NERVOUS LAUGHTER) The obvious question, Mr Kreiner, is what game have you and the Doctor been playing?

FITZ:

A dangerous one. But then... I am no stranger to danger.

GEM:

We can prove that. We've tracked down some archive footage here of you battling the vermin queens with the Doctor.

(MUFFLED SOUND FOR ARCHIVE FOOTAGE, RUN UNDER STUDIO TALK)

ARCHIVE FITZ (PANIC):

*Whoaaaa! Get away, you ugly old (CENSOR BLEEP). No! Not in the face. Ow! Come on, we can talk about it. Speako Englisho? Arrrrrgh!*

ARCHIVE DOCTOR:

*Hold on, Fitz! If I can just hook up the sonic disruptor...*

GEM

Now, you seem to be running away here ...

FITZ:

I'm distracting the vermin queen's attention, freeing up the Doct[or] – I mean, John – so he can implement my plans. You missed the bit just before this when I was giving him orders over a hidden radio mike.

ARCHIVE FITZ:

*Oh, yeah, take your time— OWWWWW! geddoff... Oof! Help!*

GEM:

And here... It looks like you actually get stung!

FITZ:

Didn't hurt. That's me pretending to writhe in agony, holding their focus while John rigs up a sonic disruptor. Er... You can probably stop running this, now.

GEM:

You've been fooling people very successfully into believing that the Doctor is a vital and dynamic force, risking his life many times over for the welfare of strangers.

FITZ:

A necessary deception. You see, I'm the planner, the master strategist – saving the day but shunning the limelight. I needed someone to act as my public face, and the Doctor – John, I mean – John was the best. A fine actor, a fast learner... (GETTING CHOKED) I'm sorry.

GEM:

Take your time. (BEAT) But please let go of my leg.

FITZ:

Sorry. Look, I'm only going public with all this now because I'm afraid for John's welfare. See, we... we had a run-in with some extraterrestrial life-forms, the, um, Lonnedonnegans from the Skiffle Cluster, and... John was tortured.

GEM:

They thought he was the brains of the partnership.

FITZ:

It's left him quite unhinged – to the point where he actually believes he's the big hero. It's tragic. He's even endorsing private military organisations like ADI because he wants to help and still believes he can... And now he's gone missing. If anyone watching knows the Doctor's whereabouts, contact me, care of this station on... what is it? 71-71-8992 (POINTEDLY) You will contact me, won't you?

GEM:

Coming up, those controversial adverts for Alien Defence Incorporated – are they fuelling a wave of anti-alien paranoia for private gain, or highlighting a real menace? More after this break.

(MUSIC INTO AD BREAK)

## **9. TV AD**

(MUZAK)

FEMALE VOICEOVER:

You want to shine... you want to sparkle... And yet in those grey clothes you wear, who will ever notice you? With Atlanto-White, your shirt or blouse will be spotted anywhere. Even in outer space!

ALIEN VOICE:

Behold the ripe world of Entusso. Shall we attack?

(FX: SCI-FI SWOOSH)

ALIEN VOICES:

Nooooo, not the whiteness, it burns...!!

**10. INT. FEMOR'S OFFICE.**

(ADVERT FROM LAST SCENE GOES TINNY, THEN STOPS – WE'RE BACK IN FEMOR'S OFFICE.)

FEMOR:

Doctor, what the hell is this nonsense? Who's that man?

DOCTOR:

He's Fitz, my friend. I told him if I wasn't out of here by dawn, he was to contact the producer of the Six O'Clock Siren and do a hatchet job on me.

FEMOR:

And by association, Alien Defence Incorporated!

DOCTOR:

Now I'm the only one who can truly clear my name – and yours, Director – by denouncing Fitz as the unstable one...

FEMOR:

Thereby forcing me to release you, if I really was a villain keeping you here.

DOCTOR:

Or using the media attention to spark an investigation into your activities if I was already dead.

FEMOR:

You're good. Like I didn't know. (PAUSE) This could ruin us.

DOCTOR:

I only knew you were involving me in an attempt to deceive the people of this planet. If your gas hadn't been so strong –

(FX: DOORS OPEN. SQUEAKY WHEEL AT SPEED)

GASTAN:

Did you see the TV, Director? The man in our advert's not real! He's –

FEMOR:

Gastan, just get the hell out! I must get on to Switchboard...

(FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS, MOURNFUL SQUEAKY WHEEL AS GASTAN LEAVES AND DOOR CLOSES.)

(FX: PHONE SNATCHED UP. BUTTONS PRESSED. THEN RINGING TONE UNDER:)

FEMOR (MUTTERING TO PHONE):

Come on! The press will be baying for quotes... (SIGHS) I'd better prepare a statement, brief the switchboard operatives.

DOCTOR:

But first?

FEMOR:

Yes, all right.

(FX: MORE BUTTONS PRESSED.)

FEMOR:

Channel One Studios? Production office of Six O'Clock Siren please. I need to talk to one of your guests, Fitz Kreiner...

**11. INT: CHANNEL ONE GREEN ROOM**

(FITZ IS ON THE PHONE TO FEMOR)

FITZ:

Yeah, I can talk, Commander Femor. I'm in the studios' hospitality room. Oh, hang on. (SOTTO) Gem! Don't go, sweetheart, I haven't got your number!

GEM:

(OFF) I've got yours. Goodnight, Mr Kreiner.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

FITZ:

(SOTTO) Fab. (NORMAL) Hello? Yeah, sorry, I'm here now.

FEMOR:

(D) Come to my headquarters at once. You know the way?

FITZ:

First, prove you've got the Doctor and he's OK. Ask him where Anji is right now...

(FX: PHONE FUMBLING)

DOCTOR:

(D) ... Still out cold in the TARDIS thanks to that Bactrian cocktail you gave her.

FITZ:

You OK, Doctor?

(FX: PHONE FUMBLING)

FEMOR:

(D) He's fine. Just get over here. I'll expect you within the hour.

FITZ:

Right. Kreiner out.

(FX: HANGS UP)

FITZ:

(BIG, SHAKY BREATH) He's all right. We did it, it's gonna be OK, it's gonna be...

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

ROND:

Mr Kreiner?

FITZ:

How'd you get in here? I've told you press lot - no comment, no exceptions.

ROND:

The name's Michael Rond, Mr Kreiner. I'm a director. I was dropping off some reels, saw you on the show. Incredible. Such a story.

FITZ:

I just tell it the way it is.

ROND:

You know, I directed the infomercials for ADI..

FITZ:

Oh?

ROND:

I thought your friend was acting strangely. He was so quiet between takes... Not the legend I'd been expecting.

FITZ:

Yeah... he's really not himself. But what's ADI's commander like? I mean, apart from quite a dolly. As older birds go.

ROND:

Hellan Femor?

FITZ:

She says she knows where he is - I'm taking a taxi to their building now.

ROND:

You are? I am too, dropping off some rough cuts of the latest ads - though after your little exclusive tonight... Look, why don't I give you a lift?

FITZ:

Deal!

ROND:

On the way, you can tell me more about how it worked between you and poor old John.

FITZ:

Oh, you don't want to hear those old stories. Although, there was this one time...

**12. INT. ADI CALL CENTRE**

(FX: SPACE-AGE TELEPHONES TRILLING INSISTENTLY. DOOR OPENS. FEMOR AND DOCTOR ENTER)

FEMOR:

OK, troops, let's get this call centre operational, shall we? I've prepared a press release... Ugh! That smell...

DOCTOR:

Chemicals.

FEMOR:

Where is everyone? (CROSSES TO TERMINALS) Complete communications crash. The whole building's isolated.

DOCTOR:

How many operatives should be here?

FEMOR:

Ten. What the hell's been spilled in here? Gastan! (FX: BLEEP) I'll page him...

DOCTOR:

You know, I'm not normally pessimistic by nature, but – ten missing phone operatives, ten nasty little puddles...

FEMOR:

What?

DOCTOR:

I think they've been killed. Reduced to a chemical slime.

FEMOR:

What could do that?

(FX: The SQUEAKY WHEEL of GASTAN as he enters)

GASTAN:

Don't be mad, director. I was going to clean up.

FEMOR:

Oh, Gastan. It's all right. I called you by mistake.

GASTAN:

Mistake? Big mistake.

DOCTOR:

Femor, get away from him. Get away!

GASTAN:

(GROWING HOARSER) I was going to clean up – once I'd killed you as well.

(FX: SINISTER SNAPPING OF BONES AND STRETCHING OF SKIN. UNDER:)

FEMOR:

What's happening to him?

DOCTOR:

The real Gastan. Looks like a Scarpok, from Scaracka Prime. I take it he didn't mention this when he interviewed for the job.

GASTAN:

(MOCKING VOICE) Hello is that, ADI? I'd like to report the destruction of your organisation from the inside. I'd like to kill you and your oh-so-scary visiting alien allies and leave your planet helpless as my people's warships gather in your skies. (HISSES) Oh, yes, I'll hold...

(FX: CLATTERS TOWARDS THEM)

FEMOR:

(DRAWS GUN) Putting you through.

(FX: GUN FIRES. GASTAN RECOILS, HISSES)

GASTAN:

Was that the best you've got?

FEMOR:

He's not even scratched!

DOCTOR:

What are you then – advance scout? Checking out the opposition ahead of invading?

GASTAN:

What opposition? Fitz Kreiner has destroyed ADI's reputation. And now he's on his way here, I will destroy him.

DOCTOR:

Fitz?

GASTAN (SCARY RATTLESNAKE SOUND):

With him dead, what can stop us? You, his feeble-minded assistant?

DOCTOR:

Well – Femor, no, the gun's no good, his body armour will repel the blast.



FEMOR:

I know. But what about the control panel behind him?

(FX: SHE FIRES — EXPLOSION AND ARCING ELECTRICITY NOISE. GASTAN ROARS WITH PAIN)

DOCTOR:

Apparently not. But even that current won't bother him for long. Come on!

**13. INT. ADI HQ (CORRIDOR)**

(CONTINUOUS: DOCTOR AND FEMOR RUN FROM THE CALL CENTRE, DOWN THE CORRIDOR, SKID TO A HALT. WE HEAR POWER SPARKING AND YELLS FROM GASTAN, FAINT)

DOCTOR:  
Where'd you put my sonic screwdriver?

FEMOR:  
I knew we had enemies, but to have a creature like that infiltrate us [without my knowing -]

DOCTOR:  
Sonic screwdriver - where?

FEMOR:  
In my office. But we need real weapons, they're stored in the basement vault.

DOCTOR:  
And you can bet Gastan's "cleaned" them for you - they'll be useless. No, we've got to find a way to weaken the Scarpok's shell, get to the softer part inside.

(NB: GASTAN'S YELLS AND SPARKS OF POWER HAVE STOPPED)

FEMOR:  
Before he brings his whole invasion fleet down on Entusso.

DOCTOR:  
Before he hurts Fitz! Come on. There's something else in your office we can use...

(FX: THEY RUN OFF. THEN WE HEAR THE CLATTER OF GASTAN COMING AFTER THEM)

GASTAN (RAGING):  
Run all you like! I've already knocked out your security robot in the foyer - I control who gets in and out. And when Kreiner arrives, he's all mine!

**14. INT. ADI HEADQUARTERS (FOYER)**

(FX: DOORS OPEN AS FITZ AND ROND ENTER.)

ROND:

There's this really dull security robot. Takes ages to call the lift. (BEAT) Normally starts creating around now. (BEAT) Funny. It's not working..

(FX: SQUEAK OF GASTAN'S TROLLEY WHEEL)

GASTAN (HUMAN):

You've come to see Femor?

ROND:

Commander Femor, yes.

GASTAN (HUMAN):

No!

(FX: BONES SNAP, SKIN STRETCHES)

FITZ:

Whoa! Do all the staff here turn into giant alien monsters, or is it just the cleaners?

ROND:

(SCREAMS) It's true! Aliens! I thought it was all propaganda..

GASTAN:

Silence.

(FX: GASTAN WHACKS ROND INTO A WALL.)

ROND:

Unnhh—! (KOED, SLUMPS TO FLOOR)

FITZ:

Oi! You could've killed him.

GASTAN:

Ah, that famous compassion of yours, time traveller..

FITZ:

What? Hang on. No, you've got the wrong end of the stick.

GASTAN:

Not any more. You are the real threat. (COCKS SAFETY ON GUN) I will kill you.

FITZ:

Ohhhhhh, no. Rond, wake up! Get the doors open again!

GASTAN:

Can this be the great protector of Entusso?

FITZ:

Please put down the gun.

GASTAN:

Whatever your plan, 'great thinker' - it has failed.

(DOCTOR enters - the CONSTRUCT, though we don't know that yet)

DOCTOR CONSTRUCT:

Hello!

FITZ:

Wa-hey! Get him, Doctor!

GASTAN:

I don't think so.

(FX: GASTAN FIRES GUN. IMPACT)

FITZ:

Doctor!!!

DOCTOR CONSTRUCT:

(SLURRING) Rapid relief from unwelcome alien visitation...

FITZ:

Hang on - it's not him! It's the construct!

DOCTOR CONSTRUCT:

I get results. (GARGLES)

(FX: AS SCENE 7, SODA-SIPHON NOISE)

GASTAN:

What is this?? You think squirting me with water—?

FITZ:

Doesn't smell like water to me! And from the look of your crumbling hide, monster-boy...

GASTAN:

(FEELING IT NOW) Stop it! Make it stop! My body armour...

FITZ:

These far-out alien drinks, huh? Fancy another. To help you forget...?

(FX FITZ UNSCREWS HIP FLASK AND POURS)

GASTAN:  
(GARGLES) Wha— Oooooohhhhhh. (BELCHES — CLUNKS UNCONSCIOUS)

FITZ:  
Bactrian cocktail... and, goodnight Vienna.

(WE HEAR GASTAN SOFTLY SNORING THROUGH REST OF SCENE. DOCTOR AND FEMOR COME DOWN STEPS)

FEMOR:  
Kreiner!

DOCTOR:  
I told you, Fitz, two drops on a lump of sugar..

FITZ:  
He was handing out the lumps, so I dropped him. Oh, Doctor. Come here. (HE HUGS DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:  
(HUGGED) Careful —

FEMOR:  
And Michael Rond. Is he all right?

FITZ:  
Knocked out. What did your twin gob at the monster?

DOCTOR:  
I loaded him with detergent from Gaston's own store cupboard. Carbolics weaken a Scarpok's shell..

FEMOR:  
Making them easier to attack. But your cocktail hit him harder than I ever could. (BEAT) Allergic to detergents. No wonder he was never a great cleaner.

DOCTOR:  
Well, you've got cleaning up to do yourself, Femor. Those lights spotted in the sky are the Scarpok fleet — if you can't persuade them their plans have gone to pot..

FEMOR:  
Not me, Doctor. You. You've handled it this far.. Please? One last deception for Entusso?

DOCTOR:

(PAUSE) All right. For Entusso. I'll get off to the TARDIS, sort out the mothership, tell the Scarpoks they've been rumbled and the planet's on full alert. They're stealthy invaders, not ones for full-on combat. Should scuttle off with their tails between their legs. (BEAT) You coming, Fitz?

ROND (RECOVERING):

Aliens? Never believed it...

FEMOR:

I could actually use Kreiner's help here.

FITZ:

Hey, baby, call me Fitz.

DOCTOR (RESIGNED):

I'll see you both soon.

(EXITS)

FEMOR:

You know, that was smart thinking of yours, Kreiner, disabling the Scarpok like that.

ROND:

Kreiner? You took care of that monster?

FITZ:

Well, you know, I did my bit...

FEMOR:

Too modest. Thanks to you, ADI has actually captured an alien aggressor. That'll restore our credibility and make the world wake up to the extraterrestrial threat.

ROND:

Yes. Yes, someone's got to warn them. I wanted to believe the alien threat was garbage, just ADI grandstanding. But now... everyone must know.

FEMOR:

They will. Mr Kreiner - Fitz - I've got a proposition for you...

**13. GLOSSY TV ADVERT FOR ADI**

(OTT DRAMATIC, STRIDENT MUSIC AS PER SCENE 2 STARTS UP AND CONTINUES UNDER:)

FITZ:

Hi. I'm Fitz Kreiner, intergalactic man of mystery. As you know, I'm the brains behind that great heroic emblem the Doctor. I've done what I can to defend Entusso from the deadly machinations of evil extra-terrestrials... For so long I've worked tirelessly in the background. Now I've joined forces with the brave people of ADI – Alien Defence Incorporated.

**14. INT. TARDIS**

(FX: OVER SCANNER. FITZ SPEECH CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE BELOW)

FITZ:

(D) [Few of you now can be unaware of the recent Scorpok Incident, a battle upon which the fate of Entusso rested. My maverick genius, combined with the resources, reliability and sheer guts of ADI, led us to victory and the mothership was repelled. You too can join the struggle. ADI needs eyes and ears. Yours. You can make a difference, just as I do. And if you are visited by extra-terrestrials, whether hostile or benign, be sure to call the professionals for advice and protection...]

DOCTOR:

I can't believe you actually did this nonsense, Fitz.

FITZ:

I look fab from that angle, don't I.

DOCTOR:

Yeah amazing. It's an incredible achievement.

FITZ:

Oh, thanks, Doctor. I think. Are you being serious?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. You've actually managed to become Entusso's hammiest TV hero!

FITZ:

Hammy? How dare you, that's from the heart! Ooh, it's the best bit now – I do the wink. Any minute – now! See? See?

DOCTOR:

(DRY) Incredible.

(CRASH IN CLOSING THEME)



# DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS

## 3: IZZY'S STORY

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **ALAN BARNES**

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

**THE DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN**

Time traveller.

**IZZY: JEMIMA ROOPER**

Time traveller's companion – an 18-year-old geek girl from the village of Stockbridge in the year 1996. Abandoned at a bus stop as a baby, she's been brought up by Sandra and Les, who run the Redfern Inn. Likes: UFO-spotting, *Star Trek*. Dislikes: boys. But she hasn't worked out the implications yet.

**COURTMASTER CRUEL/DEREK: ANTHONY GLENNON**

Vigilante magistrate from the pages of cult SF comic *Aggrotron*/Crazed *Aggrotron* reader from the 51<sup>st</sup> century.

**GRUBB/THE MAN: STEVE HANSELL**

Grumpy local newsagent/The Courtmaster's nemesis.

**GRAKK: TEDDY KEMPNER**

Bronchial, late-middle-aged editor of *Aggrotron*. An alien, despite appearances.

**OTHER ROLES: CLERKIE; FOREMAN; JUROR (F); SUITS x 2; ARTIST [MIGUEL]; ANOTHER ARTIST; JUST PONIES EDITOR (F); GIRLS' ARTIST; CAPTAIN CANNIBAL; THE MANGLER; FEMALE COURTMASTER.**

**DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS BRIGGS**

**PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON**

**SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES**

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY**

**PRE-TITLES**

**SCENE 1: NARRATION**

IZZY:

Choose life. Choose a student loan. Choose sickly-looking indie kids for friends. Choose two to a room in a basement flat with woodchip on the wall. Choose a personal tutor called 'Hi-there-I'm-Mike', who had a cider and black at a Pink Floyd happening nearly thirty years ago and still thinks he's cool. Choose textbooks that no-one's ever really read full of words that no-one's ever really said. Choose staring at your shoes through another unlistenable Slowdive-Spitfire-Menswear gig and realising, 'This. Is. Pants. ...'

Choose not to choose that. Choose to stay behind, in Stockbridge. Choose living with Sandra and Les, upstairs at the back of the Redfern Inn. Choose *The Next Generation* on VHS, over and over and over again. Choose to hang out with Mad Max the local yoo-fo nut – who reckons one day, long ago, he met an alien. Choose meeting the alien. Choose going with the alien in his time and space machine, which might not have a holodeck but beggars can't be choosers, right? Choose adventures in the fourth and fifth dimensions, and sometimes even the sixth, with vampire monkeys and psychic weasels and Lord-alone-knows-what...

My name's Izzy, and I chose... the Doctor.

(OPENING THEME)

**SCENE 2: INT. COSMIC COURTROOM**

(FX: THREE RAPS ON LASER GAVEL – SPARKS FLYING OFF)

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

(FX: SYNTHESISED, DARTH VADER VOICE – SPOKEN THROUGH HEAVY MASK) Silence in court! ... Jurors. For ten years now, I have roamed the universe, my mission to hold to account those persons the legal system does not prosecute. Traders in robot slaves. Corrupt law enforcement officials. Bankers. The hidden malefactors who heap their miseries upon us all-!

IZZY (V/O):

"The Courtmaster's faithful robot clerk could contain himself no longer –"

CLERKIE:

(FX: SLIGHTLY CAMP ROBOT. WITH A COMEDY LISP) Go on! You tell it like it ith, Courtmathter!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Quiet, Clerkie!

CLERKIE:

Thorry –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

I long ago suspected that one individual was secretly responsible for all the evils in the galaxy. That one super-malign entity was directing the show. My quest to find that person has cost me everything: my home; my face; (CRACKING SLIGHTLY) Eugenia –

IZZY (V/O):

"The Courtmaster froze, lost in his memories. On the jury bench, confusion –"

(FX: CROSS TO:)

JUROR:

(SOTTO) Eugenia-?

FOREMAN:

(SOTTO) The Courtmaster's lost love. Destroyed when the Suits placed a particle bomb aboard the Judicial Jetfighter!

IZZY (V/O):

"Asterisk: see Issue 32 –"

(FX: CROSS BACK:)

CLERKIE:

(SOTTO) Courtmathter – you mutht compothe yourthelf! Here, have a hankie –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

(FX: SMASHING FIST ON DESK) No, Clerkie! Justice is unfeeling!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

JUROR:

(SOTTO) Oh, so harsh-!

FOREMAN:

(SOTTO) Hence the name: 'Courtmaster Cruel'!

(FX: CROSS BACK:)

IZZY (V/O):

"A deathly silence descended on the Cosmic Courtroom –"

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Jurors: he stands before you. The one they call The Man. The secret ruler of the universe, without his Suits to protect him..

THE MAN:

(SMIRKING) Get on with it –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

You have heard evidence that he and his alien conspirators have used invisible brainmites to drain free will from the inhabitants of a billion planets. Now, I call upon you to answer the question: do you find the defendant innocent, or not innocent?

IZZY (V/O):

"The foreman of the jury rose to his feet –"

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Well-?!?

FOREMAN:

S-shouldn't that be 'guilty or not guilty'?

CLERKIE:

Defendanth in the Cothmic Courtroom are guilty until proven innothent!

FOREMAN:

But – but no-one's entirely innocent, are they?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

You said it, Foreman!

FOREMAN:

Oh! No! I didn't mean –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Silence! The Man: you have been found 'Not Innocent'! Your crimes are infinite! The punishment –

THE MAN:

Astound me.

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

... is infinite death! This Cosmic Courtroom is powered by a miniature black hole. In a moment, when I collapse it, it will become an eternal prison – for you and me both! And I shall have the pleasure of killing you a trillion times and more!

THE MAN:

(UNIMPRESSED) No? Really?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Jurors – you have two minutes to reach the telepods! (BEAT)  
Well, what are you waiting for-?

JUROR:

Y-you're serious?

FOREMAN:

Scram!

(FX: RUSH OF JURORS, EXITING COURTROOM. OVER THIS:)

CLERKIE:

But, Courtmaster – you can't!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

My life's quest is over, Clerkie. Now begins the work of my death!

THE MAN:

Er, Courtmaster-? There's one more offence I'd like taken into consideration –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

It won't make any difference.

CLERKIE:

(SOTTO) Prothedure ith everything, that'th what you've always thaid-!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

I thup- suppose so.

THE MAN:

It's just – your laser gavel was surreptitiously teleported from your Torment Chambers before you re-entered the Courtroom?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Whaaat-?

THE MAN:

... whereupon my Tekslaves loaded it with Black Neutrinos...

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Clerkie, the gavel-!

THE MAN:

... timed to reach critical mass round about –

(FX: BIG FIZZING EXPLOSION)

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

(HOWLS IN PAIN)

THE MAN:

Oh, fraction early.

CLERKIE:

Courtmathter! Courtmathter, are you alright-?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

(FX: DAMAGED VOICEBOX) (COUGHS) I... am wounded, Clerkie...

THE MAN:

(STRIDING OVER) Get away from him, robot.

CLERKIE:

You'll never get away with thith – (FX: WHACKED ASIDE) ... akkk!

THE MAN:

Already have. Now. Courtmaster Cruel. Bane of my existence these past ten years. I, The Man, have beaten you at last – in your own Cosmic Courtroom!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

N-never-!

IZZY (V/O):

"The Man placed his hands on the Courtmaster's headmask –"

THE MAN:

But before you die, I want to know your secret identity. I want to be the only man ever to see the face of Courtmaster Cruel-!

(FX: LIFTING HEADMASK)

IZZY (V/O):

"... and lifted it off, revealing..."

THE MAN:

No! No! I don't believe it! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-!!!

(FX: HOLD. ECHO. QUICK CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 3: INT. TARDIS**

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

IZZY:

... Next Issue: 'The Final Judgement!' (BEAT) Well, Doctor? What do you think?

DOCTOR:

I think... (FX: RUSTLING PAPER) ... I think it's time we broadened your literary horizons, Izzy.

IZZY:

Yeah, but –

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS library contains hundreds of thousands of works of speculative fiction. Wells. Asimov. J.K. Rowling –

IZZY:

Who-?

DOCTOR:

But this-? (FX: FLAPPING COMIC) (READING) 'Aggrotron! The Sci-Fi Comic For Far-Out Kidz!' That's 'kidz' with a 'zed'...

IZZY:

Now you're just making it sound rubbish –

DOCTOR:

'In this issue: Courtmaster Cruel! The Trembling Hand! Big Bustard – Killer Bird of the Andes!'

IZZY:

Er, satire-?!?

DOCTOR:

And who's this? 'Captain Cannibal'? (FX: PAGES) "You Nazi devils thought you could have me for breakfast – but now, it's sauerkraut time!"

IZZY:

Granted, that is a bit extreme –

DOCTOR:

Izzy, this is just page upon page of mindless violence!

IZZY:

It's got subtext!

DOCTOR:

It's got a pop-out eyeball taped to the front –



(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION SEQUENCE BEGINS)

IZZY:

Oh, look, we're landing –

DOCTOR:

The village of Stockbridge, as requested. Relative date –  
(READING) Friday the eighth of April, 1988.

IZZY:

Time of day-?

DOCTOR:

Six twenty-two AM.

IZZY:

Cool. (BEAT) Er, doors-?

DOCTOR:

Not so fast. This 'mystery' you mentioned-?

IZZY:

Something from when I was younger. It's been bugging me for years. And I figured – what's the point in having a time machine, if you're not going to use it?

DOCTOR:

Stockbridge is something of a locus for uncanny events. What is it? A flying cigar, over Wells Wood?

IZZY:

No, nothing like that –

DOCTOR:

Cattle mutilations, over at Old Man Harvey's farm?

IZZY:

God, no –

DOCTOR:

Not crop circles again. Izzy, if I've told you once –

IZZY:

None of the above. It's kind of hard to explain. (COQUETTISH)  
Be better if I showed you-?

DOCTOR:

Are you twisting my arm?

IZZY:

(QUOTING FROM THE COMIC) 'Right outta its socket!'

DOCTOR:  
Don't tell me – Captain Cannibal again?

IZZY:  
As if! ... (SHEEPISH) It's 'The Mangler'.

DOCTOR:  
Honestly. [PRESSING DOOR CONTROL] Right.

(FX: DOORS)

IZZY:  
(EXITING) (FX: FADE OUT) 'In 1982, two heavyweight wrestlers are struck mid-grapple by a beam of cosmic radiation. Now, the two have become one! [Four arms, two heads and a really bad attitude! Watch out – here comes The Mangler!']

**SCENE 4: EXT. STOCKBRIDGE HIGH STREET**

(FX: DOORS CLOSED. MORNING BIRDSONG)

DOCTOR:

(INHALING) That's better. Smell that country air-!

IZZY:

Yeah, this time of morning it comes all the way down from the cowfields -

DOCTOR:

Still - mystery? Something unquiet in the churchyard of St Justinian's-? Something unpleasant in Old Mother Parkhouse's scones-?

IZZY:

Something weird at Grubb and Sons. (WALKING) This way -

DOCTOR:

The newsagent's-? (CALLING) Izzy Somebody! I do hope this has nothing to do with your comic collection!

IZZY:

(TO SELF) ... rumbled.

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING UP) Tell me you're not using my TARDIS, your doorway into the realms of infinite space - tell me you've got something more on your mind than picking up back numbers of *Aggrovation!*

IZZY:

(WALKING) *Aggro-tron*. And it's not any old back number I'm after -

DOCTOR:

Izzy, Izzy, Izzy -

IZZY:

Really, it's not. The thing is. This - (FX: COMIC) - is Issue 55, right? Published first of April. Now... Number 56, published eighth of April, that's the mysterious one. When I turned up at Grubb's, about an hour and a half from now, young Mister Grubb told me the only copy he had, had already gone.

DOCTOR:

Yes, on a scale with 'Where was Atlantis?' and 'Who was Jack the Ripper?', it's not even rating a one -

IZZY:

(IGNORING HIM) Only as it turned out, 56 was the last ever issue of *Aggrotron* ever-! When I turned up the next week, the fifteenth of April, disaster! *Aggrotron* had been merged!

DOCTOR:

'Merged'?

IZZY:

... yeah, into *Squarejaw*. Fifties relic, you know, with 'Alan Astro, Mars Missionary'?

DOCTOR:

I'll take your word for it -

IZZY:

"Great News, Kidz!" it said across the top. Three words to strike fear into the heart of every British comics nerd. "*Squarejaw* and *Aggrotron* have joined forces!" As in, a couple of characters crossed over from *Aggrotron*. The Trembling Hand didn't strangle anyone, just gave them a clip round the earhole. Big Bustard ran the Birdwatchers' Page. And as for The Mangler -

DOCTOR:

What about him?

IZZY:

'... Versus Big Daddy'?

DOCTOR:

Well, why not-?

IZZY:

Yeah, Big Daddy won-?!? Trouble is, I never got Issue 56, with the last ever episode of Courtmaster Cruel. I never found out his true identity!

DOCTOR:

Aren't there specialist shops for that sort of thing?

IZZY:

No, Issue 56, no-one's seen it! The official explanation is, the print run was massively dropped for one week, just ahead of the *Squarejaw* merger. The rumour is, the Courtmaster's face was so horrible, so disgusting, Issue 56 got pulped!

DOCTOR:

Yes, a likely story -

IZZY:

But Grubb and Sons had a copy – and it's going to be mine, you hear me? Mine! (EVIL CHUCKLE)

(FX: VAN APPROACHING, OFF)

DOCTOR:

And this stuff doesn't rot your brain, you say-?

IZZY:

God, that's it. The wholesalers' van! (RUNNING) Come on!

(FX: VAN PASSES BY. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 5: INT. NEWSAGENT'S**

(FX: JANGLING OF BELL AS DOOR OPENS)

GRUBB:

Ey, ey – ain't six-thirty, I ain't open yet –

IZZY:

Aw, come on, it's as near as anything. You've had the papers, right?

DOCTOR:

Young Mister Grubb-?

IZZY:

Just don't antagonise him –

GRUBB:

Whazzit look like?

IZZY:

Excellent. The new *Aggrotron*, please.

GRUBB:

How much-?

DOCTOR:

"The Sci-Fi Comic For Far-Out Kidz"?

GRUBB:

Oh, izzit?

DOCTOR:

I'm told.

GRUBB:

(LOOKING) "*Aggrotron*". *Aggrotron Aggrotron* –

IZZY:

I think that's it. Under *Modern Housewife* –

GRUBB:

I'm getting there. (RESUMES LOOKING) *Aggrotron* – This it?

IZZY:

Just the headmask on the cover. That's it. Oh my God. Oh wow –

GRUBB:

Sorry, no good.

IZZY:

Pardon-?

GRUBB:

That one, that's on reservation. Them at the Redfern.

IZZY:

Sinclair, yes -

GRUBB:

Them with the weird kid. I got *Squarejaw* -

IZZY:

I don't want *Squarejaw* - 'Weird' how?

DOCTOR:

What my friend meant to say is, we're picking it up on their behalf -

GRUBB:

(UNSURE) You what?

IZZY:

(SOTTO) Give him money, Doctor -

DOCTOR:

(PATTING POCKETS) Money, of course -

IZZY:

(SOTTO) Eighteen pee -

DOCTOR:

I've only got a ten-Zaggan note -

GRUBB:

I don't have change, not at this time of the morning.

DOCTOR:

No, you wouldn't.

IZZY:

(SOTTO) Save us from the belligerent newsagent!

GRUBB:

You what-?

IZZY:

Come on, Doctor! Must be something in your pockets -

DOCTOR:

(FX: SORTING CHANGE) Couple of florins - no. Five sestertii...

IZZY:

(OVER ABOVE:) I can't wait. Is he a robot? An alien? The Man's half-brother, with an all, like, melted face?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OUTSIDE)

GRUBB:

(TO DOCTOR) Is she alright-?

IZZY:

I've got to know!!!

DOCTOR:

Ssh-!

(FX: STEPS HALT)

IZZY:

Someone outside-?

DOCTOR:

People outside -

IZZY:

In Stockbridge? At this time of the morning?

DOCTOR:

Exactly -

(FX: SMAAAASSH! SOMEONE'S KICKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR. BELL JANGLES AND DIES)

IZZY:

(SQUEALS)

SUIT 1:

Surrender it.

SUIT 2:

The proscribed publication.

DOCTOR:

Wouldn't it have been simpler to have opened the door-?

SUIT 1:

(FX: STEPPING IN - CRUNCHING ON GLASS) Surrender -

IZZY:

Oh no. Oh wow -

DOCTOR:

Izzy, are you alright-?



IZZY:  
Doctor, they're Suits-!

DOCTOR:  
What about them-? They're a perfectly ordinary pinstripe -

IZZY:  
No, no - They. Are. Suits! Android henchlings of The Man!

SUIT 1:  
Proprietor. Produce the publication.

SUIT 2:  
The proscribed pamphlet.

GRUBB:  
Don't be poking me with no umbrella. Get out of it, y'hear me?

IZZY:  
Yeah, those aren't umbrellas -

GRUBB:  
Course they're umbrellas -

SUIT 1:  
(FX: LIKE RIFLE CATCH) The publication, please -

IZZY:  
... they're Brollyguns!

DOCTOR:  
Get down-!

(FX: BRAKKA-BRAKKA OF 'BROLLY GUN' - INTO JARS OF SWEETS)

GRUBB:  
(COUGHS, CLEARING SMOKE) Whuh-?

DOCTOR:  
This 'proscribed publication' - it wouldn't happen to be  
[Aggrotron 56-?]

IZZY:  
... Aggrotron 56, by any chance?

SUIT 2:  
Give it to me -

IZZY:  
In a minute. I'm just having a look -

DOCTOR:  
(WARNING) Izzy...

GRUBB:  
No looking! This isn't a library!

IZZY:  
(FX: FLICKING PAGES) 'Trembling Hand Versus Quivering Claw'.  
'Captain Cannibal at the Banquet of Death' -

SUIT 2:  
No. No. The publication is proscribed-!

IZZY:  
... Oh my God, this is it. 'Courtmaster Cruel: The Final  
[Judgement' -]

DOCTOR:  
Izzy, no -

SUIT 1:  
Pulp that pamphlet!

(FX: ELECTRONIC THRUMMING...)

GRUBB:  
Look out-!

(FX: SPLAT)

IZZY:  
Aah! (DISGUST) Eurgh! The ink just exploded off the page-!

DOCTOR:  
Cheap newsprint. Messy.

IZZY:  
Eurgh, it's everywhere -

SUIT 1:  
Now: rearrange them -

(FX: SUDDEN ZZZAP!. CUT TO:)

**SCENE 6: INT. NEWSAGENT'S (MOMENTS LATER)**

(FX: JANGLING BELL AS DOOR SHUTS)

GRUBB:

You going to buy something-?

IZZY:

(BEFUDDLED) Uh, yes. I – Wasn't there someone here just now?

DOCTOR:

There was. The shop was smashed up, too –

IZZY:

It was?

DOCTOR:

Spatial rearrangement technology. It shouldn't be used round humans.

GRUBB:

Hey! Don't you touch nothing with those hands, young lady –

IZZY:

Eh? (REALISATION) Aah! What – ?!?

DOCTOR:

Inky fingers, Izzy-?

IZZY:

Yeah. How-?

DOCTOR:

Someone's tried to stage a clean-up operation. But a crude mindwipe couldn't touch the sides of a Time Lord brain.

IZZY:

Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, it won't take long to plug the gaps in your memory.

IZZY:

Memory-?

GRUBB:

You want to chat, you do it outside-!

IZZY:

Yeah, we're leaving –

DOCTOR:

Oh! Before we go – a quarter of pear drops, if you would-?

GRUBB:

Pear drops, is it?

IZZY:

Uh uh uh. No.

DOCTOR:

What would you rather? Rhubarb and custards?

IZZY:

No, he uses special weights on his scales, so you're always three or four sweeties short-?

GRUBB:

Rubbish-!

DOCTOR:

Now that's just evil. Izzy, the TARDIS-!

(FX: BELL AS THEY EXIT)

**SCENE 7: EXT. STOCKBRIDGE HIGH STREET**

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 8: INT. TARDIS**

(FX: IN-FLIGHT. BUTTONS ETC)

IZZY:

Ooh, my brain hurts –

DOCTOR:

After-effects of the mindwipe. You'll live.

IZZY:

Can't believe it. I actually had *Aggrotron 56* in my hands. Now it's on them!

DOCTOR:

The same thing must be going on all over the country. That's why Issue 56 disappeared-!

IZZY:

Yeah, but – how're we going to get another one?

DOCTOR:

Izzy. I think you mean, 'How are we going to stop the squads of fictional android henchlings who are engaged in a hugely illegal covert intervention in the affairs of Planet Earth?'

IZZY:

Oh, yeah. That too.

DOCTOR:

For a start, we can pay a visit to the person responsible for distributing this juvenile trash –

IZZY:

The editor, you mean?

DOCTOR:

Yes, the editor. Who is...?

IZZY:

'Grakk the Head-swollen'. He's an alien.

DOCTOR:

No he isn't.

IZZY:

(FX: RUSTLING) Look, there's a picture of him on the letters page, saying "Spong Twunk, Huminiscules!" That's Rigelian for "Greetings!"

DOCTOR:

Give it here. (FX: RUSTLING) Izzy, that's a man in a plastic mask.

IZZY:

Next you'll be telling me the Tooth Fairy doesn't exist. So who put fifty pee under my pillow last Tuesday, hmm?

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING HER, READING) "Office of publication: Queen's Point Spire, London SE1." Right. Queen's Point Spire it is -

(FX: DESTINATION SETTING BLEEP. IN-FLIGHT FX CHANGE PITCH. FADE)

**SCENE 9: INT. OFFICE**

(FX: CLACKING OF ONE-FINGERED TYPISTS. COUGHING)

GRAKK:

(ALoud, CLAPS HANDS TOGETHER) Come on, you lot. Draw! Draw! Comics don't make themselves, you know...!

ARTIST:

(SPANISH ACCENT) Please, Mister Grakk! I have been drawing for three days! See, I can hold a straight line no longer!

GRAKK:

(CALLING) Ronnie! Here! Take over from Miguel!

ARTIST:

Thank you, Mister Grakk. Thank you -

GRAKK:

Don't worry. Ron, he'll finish your 'Circus Roboticus' -

ARTIST:

It is just - so hard, you understand? Without sleep.

GRAKK:

Yeah. I'll put you on 'The Trembling Hand' -

ARTIST:

W-what?

GRAKK:

Don't need rulers on that, it's all motion lines. Any smudges, we'll call 'em blood spatter. The kids'll lap it up!

ARTIST:

No! Please -

GRAKK:

Good man.

(FX: ELEVATOR ARRIVING, OFF)

ANOTHER ARTIST:

The lift. Grakk, the lift-!

GRAKK:

(ALoud) That'll be him - our new Managing Director. Look busy, everybody - this is the Sci-Fi Comic For Far-Out Kidz, not a convalescent home!

(FX: PING OF LIFT. DOORS SWISHING)

DOCTOR:  
(EXITING) Excuse me, is this – (COUGHS)

IZZY:  
(DITTO) Bit smoky, isn't it? (COUGHS)

(FX: LIFT DOORS CLOSE BEHIND)

GRAKK:  
Someone open a window, it's like a gas chamber in here! (TO DOCTOR) Sorry. We've tried air-con, but it put the writers off their fags.

IZZY:  
(COUGH) And that's a bad thing-?

DOCTOR:  
'Grakk the Swollen-Headed', I take it?

GRAKK:  
(CHUCKLE) "Spong Twunk, Huminiscules!"

IZZY:  
(TO DOCTOR) You win. He is human.

DOCTOR:  
He's as human as I am. Isn't that right – Grakk, of the Smog Worlds?

GRAKK:  
You clocked me-?

DOCTOR:  
The facial blotching, the puffy eyes, the need for an atmosphere full of tar and carbon monoxide – yes.

IZZY:  
And that's different from any human journalist, how?

GRAKK:  
Most intelligent species look like this, Huminiscule. It's only the less-developed ones think all off-worlders have blue skin and a lizard tongue. Hence the plastic mask in the photo –

IZZY:  
So is it really 'Grakk'?

GRAKK:  
It's 'Valerie' –

IZZY:  
Valerie-?!?



GRAKK:

Only less-developed species think all off-worlders have names like 'Snazz' and 'Narb' and 'Tharglox' –

IZZY:

Alright, fair enough.

DOCTOR:

Your artists – they're all aliens, too?

GRAKK:

You don't think I'd use the native pencil monkeys-?

DOCTOR:

Too expensive, I suppose.

GRAKK:

No, no – cheaper. But this lot won't get pretensions and start to think they're Michelangelo. So, er... ?

DOCTOR:

Er-?

GRAKK:

What do you think? Y'know, about the title-?

DOCTOR:

Oh, the comic. Well, it's [garbage -]

IZZY:

Never mind his opinion. I say it's tops.

GRAKK:

Er, good –

DOCTOR:

But that's not why we're here. Are you aware there are gangs of androids stopping your latest issue from reaching the streets?

GRAKK:

Number 56-? What, with the face of Courtmaster Cruel revealed? (CHUCKLES)

IZZY:

That's the one –

GRAKK:

No, we've not had it back from the printers' yet – What d'you mean, androids?

DOCTOR  
Henchlings of The Man, apparently.

GRAKK:  
(PENNY DROPS) You're not who I think you are, are you?

IZZY:  
Aren't we-?

GRAKK:  
We heard just this morning – the whole company's being taken over, by some mystery corporation –

DOCTOR:  
Ah. And you were expecting your new M.D.?

GRAKK:  
[WITH DREAD] Oh no. Readers. You're readers! [ANOTHER, WORSE IDEA HITS HIM] No, no – I know what you are. Artists!

IZZY:  
Since you ask, I do have a bit of a portfolio with me –

GRAKK:  
(ALoud) Boys! Boys! We got an aspiring artist here!

(FX: ARTISTS' MOCKING LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR:  
(TO IZZY) You do-?

IZZY:  
(FX: UNZIPPING BAG) I just brought them on the off-chance. I mean, they're just doodles, really, but – oh God, it'd be great, wouldn't it? Imagine – me, a Pencilbot for Aggrotron!

GRAKK:  
(FX: OPENING SIDE DOOR) You, er – why don't you bring your samples through, to the conference room?

DOCTOR:  
Listen, both of you. These Henchlings will be here next, I'm sure of it –

GRAKK:  
Yeah, right. Just in here –

(FX: CONTINUES INTO:)

**SCENE 10: INT. STATIONERY CUPBOARD**

IZZY:

(ENTERING) Bit dark, isn't it-?

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND) Grakk, hit the lights -

(FX: DOOR SLAMS AND LOCKS BEHIND THEM)

IZZY:

Grakk? Grakk!!! (BEAT) Doctor, he's locked us in-!

DOCTOR:

I know.

IZZY:

In the -

DOCTOR:

... stationery cupboard. Yes.

IZZY:

(FX: BANGING DOOR) Grakk! Let us out!

**SCENE 11: INT. OFFICE**

(FX: BANGING FROM INSIDE OF CUPBOARD CONTINUES)

IZZY:

(OFF) [Let us out of here right this instant-!]

GRAKK:

Quiet! (RUBBING HANDS) (TO OFFICE) Right, problem solved –

(FX: LIFT ARRIVING)

ANOTHER ARTIST:

Lift, Grakk-?

GRAKK:

Oh, Lordy. This is it. Remember, first impressions count –  
(CLEARS THROAT LUSTILY)

(FX: PING. DOORS SWISH)

“Spong Twunk, Huminiscule!” I’m [Grakk, and-] (BEAT) I – I  
don’t believe it –

**SCENE 12: INT. STATIONERY CUPBOARD**

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

IZZY:

Course, if you had a Transporter in the TARDIS, we wouldn't have to worry about getting in these situations –

DOCTOR:

Izzy, I'm concentrating –

IZZY:

Yeah, but the lock's not having it.

DOCTOR:

(FX: SCREWDRIVER OFF) I know. I wonder –

(FX: SCREWDRIVER AGAIN, DIFFERENT PITCH)

GRAKK:

(MUFFLED, FROM OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) No! No, please –

ARTIST:

(MUFFLED, FROM OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) Not my pages!

IZZY:

Hang on, something's happening out there –

(FX: ZZAPP! OF SPATIAL REARRANGER, MUFFLED, FROM OTHER SIDE OF DOOR. SCREAMS OF ARTISTS ETC, OFF. MORE ZZAPS! MORE SCREAMS)

IZZY:

Hurry it up, Doctor –

(FX: CLUNK)

DOCTOR:

Gottit!

(FX: SCREWDRIVER OFF)

IZZY:

At last. Ready?

DOCTOR:

As I'll ever be.

(FX: DOOR OPENS, INTO:)

**SCENE 13: INT. OFFICE**

(FX: CHATTER OF PERKY TYPEWRITERS. A BIT OF 50s-STYLE B/G MUSIC, V *HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE*)

DOCTOR:  
(STEPPING THROUGH) Oh.

IZZY:  
Hang on, this isn't -

DOCTOR:  
No.

IZZY:  
It's all - (DISTASTE) ... girly.

JUST PONIES EDITOR:  
(PRIM AND HORSEY) Good morning. Can I help you-?

IZZY:  
Yeah, we were looking for *Aggrotron*?

JUST PONIES EDITOR:  
That is *Boys' Adventure*. This is *Just Ponies*. *Girls' Lifestyle*.

GIRLS' ARTIST:  
(OFF, CAMP MALE) Philly, come look at this super art for  
'*Judy's Pocket Gymkhana*' -

JUST PONIES EDITOR:  
Yes. I'll be right with you -

IZZY:  
Doctor, I don't get it. How'd we end up here-?

JUST PONIES EDITOR:  
Past the lift, third down the corridor. Thank you.

DOCTOR:  
We're back exactly where we were. It'd just this office has  
been spatially rearranged in the interim. Hasn't it - Ms  
Android Henschling?

JUST PONIES EDITOR:  
I - I...

(FX: SPATIAL REARRANGEMENT ZZAP!)

SUIT 1:  
(IE, WAS JUST PONIES EDITOR) Alert. Alert. Trespassers  
transgressing -

SUIT 2:  
Terminate them!

IZZY:  
More Suits!

DOCTOR:  
Yes, six of them this time. (TO SUITS) Not so fast! I, uh – I have to tell you that...

IZZY:  
... that we know the secret! The true identity of Courtmaster Cruel!

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) We do-?

IZZY:  
(SOTTO) Yeah, I'm bluffing-?

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) Izzy, I do wish you'd give me some warning before you blurt out these random strategies.

IZZY:  
(SOTTO) Sorry –

SUIT 1:  
You know the Courtmaster's secret-?

IZZY:  
Ohh yes.

SUIT 2:  
Then, you must be terminated twice over!

IZZY:  
Oh, pants –

DOCTOR:  
No, you don't understand. My colleague and I represent Betelguese Publishing Incorporated. Should we fail to report back to Head Office, the proscribed pamphlet known as *Aggrotron 56* will be syndicated-! Reprinted across the entire galaxy!

(FX: LIFT ARRIVING IN B/G)

IZZY:  
Er, Doctor –

DOCTOR:  
There. Tell that to your Managing Director!

SUIT 1:  
No need. He is already arriving –

DOCTOR:  
He is?

IZZY:  
Doctor, the lift-?

DOCTOR:  
So, at last we get to meet the mystery miscreant behind all this –

IZZY:  
Well, there's no mystery, is there-?

DOCTOR:  
There isn't-?

IZZY:  
It's The Man. It's got to be. They're his Suits, after all.

DOCTOR:  
Izzy, The Man is a fictional character. He doesn't really exist. (FX: LIFT PING) I hope –

(FX: DOORS SWISH. BEAT. DARTH VADER BREATHING)

DOCTOR:  
... now that I didn't expect.

IZZY:  
It's him. It's Courtmaster Cruel!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:  
Who are these persons-?

SUIT 1:  
Syndicators. Procurers of the proscribed pamphlet.

COURTMASTER CRUEL:  
So. You have seen my true face?

DOCTOR:  
Er – well, that's not strictly the case, but – (GRABBED BY THROAT, GASPS)



IZZY:

Let him go! Yes! Yes, we've seen it! And it's – God, it's disgusting!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Disgusting – how?

DOCTOR:

(THROTTLED)

IZZY:

Well, it's all... all... er... warty! Yeah, and scarred! With robot bits! And, um...

DOCTOR:

(GASPS)

IZZY:

It's not like that at all, is it?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

No. (LETS GO OF DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(GASPS WITH RELIEF) Thank you.

IZZY:

Doctor, you alright-?

DOCTOR:

Just about –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

(TO SUITS) They've seen nothing. Throw them out of the window.

SUIT 1:

Defenestrate the syndicators!

SUIT 2:

Propel them from the thirteenth floor!

DOCTOR:

What, without a fair hearing-?

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

I am Courtmaster Cruel. My judgement is binding-!

IZZY:

No, you never killed anyone without a trial. That was the only rubbish thing about you – you had to go through all the blah blah blah of kidnapping a jury before you got to the groovy execution stuff!

DOCTOR:

I'm not as well-versed in your methods as my friend, but if you really are the Courtmaster – try us!

IZZY:

Oh my God, Courtmaster Cruel wants to kill me. Is that brilliant, or is it terrible? I can't decide –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

I cannot conjure up a jury from the air –

DOCTOR:

Oh, but you can. That little spatial rearrangement trick of yours-? I think you rearranged Grakk and the *Aggrotron* staff –

IZZY:

Really?

DOCTOR:

Use your eyes, Izzy. There was only the one filing cabinet in the *Aggrotron* office, and no way could all these potted plants have lived in an atmosphere like that.

IZZY:

What, they turned them into yucca plants and furniture?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. (TO COURTMASTER) Six of your suits, six *Aggrotron* artists. That's a balanced jury.

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Disarrange six of the *Aggrotron* staff.

SUIT 1:

Disarranging –

(FX: ZZAP! BURST OF UNHEALTHY HACKING AS GRAKK REAPPEARS)

GRAKK:

(CLEARING THROAT) Eurgh, I'm never going to abuse a photocopier again –

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

"Spong Twunk", Grakk the Head-Swollen. We meet at last-!

GRAKK:

But that's – that's –

IZZY:

Ohh yes.

GRAKK:  
Blimey.

COURTMASTER CRUEL:  
(TO SUITS) Disarrange eleven more!

(FX: 5 x ZZZAPS AS ARTISTS REAPPEAR UNDER:)

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) Grakk, when you said your artists were aliens – I assume not all of them wore their native forms-?

GRAKK:  
(SOTTO) No. We used a spatial arranger, like those Suits have got.

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) Where is it-?

GRAKK:  
(SOTTO) I had it implanted in my arm. You know, with biotronics-?

IZZY:  
(SOTTO) What, like in 'D.A.C.H.S.-Hund 1'?

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) Sorry-?

IZZY:  
(SOTTO) 'Dog Activated by Complex Hyper-Sircuitry'. Kind of like *The Six Million Dollar Man*, except with a dog.

DOCTOR:  
(SOTTO) 'S' for 'circuitry'?

IZZY:  
(SOTTO) I know. It's a bit poor.

SUIT 1:  
Jurors selected.

DOCTOR:  
... Now, Grakk! Hit your spatial arranger-!

GRAKK:  
You got it – (FX: BLEEPs)

COURTMASTER CRUEL:  
Suits! Restrict that editor!

(FX: DIFFERENT ZZAPS BEGIN)

GRAKK:

Too late, Courtmaster! Meet my artists in their unarranged form

—

IZZY:

Oh wow. Oh, mad!

GRAKK:

... Captain Cannibal!

CAPTAIN CANNIBAL:

What's cooking? Hurr!

GRAKK:

... Big Bustard, Killer Buzzard!

BIG BUSTARD:

(MENACING SQUAWK)

GRAKK:

... The Mangler!

MANGLER:

Mangler mangle Courtmaster good!

IZZY:

(TO DOCTOR) The *Aggrotron* characters — they were real?

DOCTOR:

Drawn from life, you might say.

GRAKK:

Back home, they censored us all out of business. My artists were their own inspiration!

COURTMASTER CRUEL:

Suits — protect [me] (MUFFLED) *No! The Trembling Hand!*

IZZY:

Cool! The Trembling Hand!

GRAKK:

Boys — sort out those Suits!

SUIT 1:

Pulp these characters — (FX: HIT BY SQUAWKING BUSTARD) Ooof!

(FX: THUMPS ETC AS FIGHT CONTINUES OFF. SIX AGAINST SIX. SUITS EVENTUALLY OVERCOME)

IZZY:

Now then, Courtmaster... let's see who you really are!

DOCTOR:

Trembling Hand – remove the Courtmaster's headmask!

(LOOOOONG SILENCE)

IZZY:

He's trembling too much, we'll be here all night –

COURTMASER CRUEL:

Alright, I'll do it – (FX: HISS OF HYDRAULICS) (BEAT) (IN NORMAL 'DEREK' VOICE) ... Happy now?

DOCTOR:

Oh. You're a –

DEREK:

... a what?

IZZY:

... a geek.

DEREK:

I am not!

IZZY:

Bad hair, bad skin, inch-thick glasses. Takes one to know one, fanboy.

DEREK:

I am Courtmaster Cruel, vigilante magistrate!

IZZY:

Well, I can't pretend I'm not disappointed.

GRAKK:

That's not right. The Courtmaster wasn't a geek. Or an android. Or scarred.

IZZY:

Then what-? Who exactly are you-?

DEREK:

In the fifty-first century, law and order collapsed. The police couldn't cope. Someone had to fill the vacuum. To wield the iron rod of justice! I knew exactly who was needed – so I became him!

DOCTOR:

You were an *Aggrotron* collector, I take it?

DEREK:

I'm Derek. Derek O'Dell. But as Courtmaster Cruel, I soon put the wind up the criminal classes!

DOCTOR:

But you're here, on Earth, now –

IZZY:

Why?

DEREK:

Issue 56, the one before the merger – that was the number no-one possessed. But the original artwork survived. Eventually, I tracked it down. When I saw it – saw who the Courtmaster really was – I realised, I could not stop until every single issue had been eliminated from existence!

GRAKK:

(OFF) (FX: OPENING DRAWER) The original art. This, you mean-?

IZZY:

Oh wow. The real last episode of 'Courtmaster Cruel'! Let me see. Let me!

DOCTOR:

Are you sure you want to, Izzy-?

DEREK:

Be afraid. Be very afraid!

**SCENE 14: INT. COSMIC COURTROOM**

IZZY (V/O):

"The story so far: In the Cosmic Courtroom, The Man has Courtmaster Cruel at his mercy —"

THE MAN:

Before you die, I want to know your secret identity. I want to be the only man ever to see the face of Courtmaster Cruel-!

(FX: LIFTING HEADMASK)

IZZY (V/O):

"He lifted the Courtmaster's headmask, revealing..." No! No! I don't believe it! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-!!!

FEMALE COURTMASTER:

Yes, my arch-nemesis. I am Courtmaster Cruel. I am the one thing you never suspected —

**SCENE 15: INT. OFFICE**

IZZY:  
... a girl!!!

DEREK:  
Told you.

IZZY:  
Courtmaster Cruel was a girl, all along?!?

DEREK:  
Just – awful. Awful!

DOCTOR:  
Well, what's wrong with that?

IZZY:  
What, you have to ask-?!?

DOCTOR:  
Evidently.

IZZY:  
It's just wrong, alright? A whole world of wrong! The Courtmaster can't have been a *girl*, because – because...

DOCTOR:  
(GENTLY) Because you didn't see it coming?

IZZY:  
... Because girls don't belong in boys' comics! It's the law!

DEREK:  
If anyone found out, the Courtmaster's authority would have been destroyed. My authority would have been destroyed!

IZZY:  
(SUDDEN REALISATION) Anyway, it doesn't work.

GRAKK:  
Why?

IZZY:  
Eugenia? You know – the Courtmaster's lost love?!? I mean, that's just, you know, confusing –

GRAKK:  
Confusing how-? It was only ever backstory, you never saw [Eugenia –]



IZZY:  
Yeah, Eugenia? It's a girl's name?

DOCTOR:  
Not on the Smog Worlds, it isn't.

GRAKK:  
Eugenia? A girl's name?

IZZY:  
Yeah, like 'Valerie'?

GRAKK:  
You're saying Valerie's a girl's name, too?

IZZY:  
Yes!!!

GRAKK:  
Cor, it's just as I well I changed it -

DOCTOR:  
Oh dear.

IZZY:  
What-?

DEREK:  
(SLIGHTLY OFF) What your 'Doctor' is trying to tell you is,  
'The Courtmaster! He's getting away!'

IZZY:  
Well, you won't get far. That's the stationery cupboard.

DOCTOR:  
No it isn't.

GRAKK:  
It's my escape capsule. Spatially rearranged to look like a  
stationery cupboard.

DOCTOR:  
That's why I had so much trouble getting out of it earlier. The  
lock wasn't where I thought it was -

DEREK:  
But now I have what I came for! The original Courtmaster art!  
If I destroy it now, I can prevent myself from ever seeing it!

DOCTOR:  
You'll create a tautology in your own timeline. The  
consequences could be terrible -

DEREK:

I... shall... return!!!

(FX: SLAMS STATIONERY CUPBOARD DOOR. A BEAT. SPACEY ENGINE BUILDS FROM INSIDE CUPBOARD)

IZZY:

Doctor, he's getting away -

DOCTOR:

Not on my watch, he isn't -

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER. ENGINE NOISE WARPS AS STATIONERY CUPBOARD DEMATERIALISES)

GRAKK:

What are you doing-?

DOCTOR:

Just a slight oscillation of the navigation controls. Enough to shift him a little off-course.

IZZY:

Yeah, to where-?

(FX: SCREWDRIVER OFF)

DOCTOR:

I have absolutely no idea.

IZZY:

So that's it-?

DOCTOR:

Not quite. We're taking Grakk and his artists back to the Smog Worlds.

GRAKK:

Over my dead body-!

IZZY:

I get it. This is why *Aggrotron* was merged into *Squarejaw*. One morning in April 1988, all the *Aggrotron* staff suddenly disappeared.

GRAKK:

No they didn't!

DOCTOR:

If they didn't, I'll make sure the Time Lords find out. And if the Time Lords find out about a bunch of renegade aliens setting out to warp the minds of an entire generation of innocent humans –

IZZY:

Eh-?

DOCTOR:

... they'll be a lot less understanding than me.

IZZY:

My mind's not been warped by *Aggrotron*! Doctor!

DOCTOR

Well...

IZZY

Doctor!!!

GRAKK:

Back home, they said our comics were to blame for the tidal wave of murder and anarchy that swept across the entire sector.

DOCTOR:

And were they-?

GRAKK:

Ah. Those were the days.

DOCTOR:

Humans are quite capable of warping their own young minds, thank you very much.

GRAKK:

You win, Doctor. (ALoud) Alright, boys. Clear your desks. We're going home.

(FX: ARTISTS SIGH)

DOCTOR:

Keep them here, Izzy. I'll be right back with the TARDIS.

(EXITS)

IZZY:

Okay. I guess.

GRAKK:

Don't worry about us, Huminiscule. There's always Plan B.

IZZY:  
(WARY) Oh yeah...?

GRAKK:  
Comics are over now. Time we got into something else. I was thinking – computer games, perhaps...?

IZZY:  
(LAUGHS) Top!

**THE END**

# DOCTOR WHO

# MARY'S STORY

A One-Part Adventure by Jonathan Morris

Based on an idea by Alan Barnes

Draft 2 – 30 September 2008

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE:**

**THE DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN**

Time traveller.

**MARY SHELLEY: JULIE COX**

Pragmatic, spirited, educated would-be feminist. 19.

**PERCY SHELLEY: ANTHONY GLENNON**

Overprivileged drug addict, leech and part-time lunatic. 24

**LORD BYRON: ROBERT FORKNALL**

Sardonic, nihilistic, laid-back, arrogant and cruel poet. 28

**JOHN POLIDORI: IAN HALLARD**

Earnest, diligent and moralistic but weak-willed doctor. 21

**CLAIRE CLAIRMONT: KATRINA COOKE**

The type of girl who pretends to be stupid in male company. 18

**1: OUTSIDE VILLA, FOREST.**

DURING THE FOLLOWING, FADE UP ON: A STORMY NIGHT. THUNDER. RAIN. CREAKING AND RUSTLING TREES. BANGING WINDOW SHUTTERS. MAYBE A WOLF HOWLING.

MARY: (NARRATION)

It was eighteen-sixteen, the year without a summer, when we sojourned at the Villa Diodati. There were five of us - myself, my husband Percy, my step-sister Claire, Lord Byron, and his physician, Polidori. Our intention had been to spend pleasant hours wandering on the shores of Lake Geneva - instead we found ourselves confined to the house for days on end, besieged by the incessant rain and suffocated by a dense, white fog. It was while we were there, one dreary night in June, that I first met the traveller known as the Doctor. The man to whom I would become a companion, in his voyages through time and space.

STING: INTO TITLE MUSIC (IF WE'RE DOING PRE-TITLE SEQUENCES)

**2: INSIDE VILLA, STUDY/OUTSIDE VILLA, FOREST.**

A DOOR SLAMS ON THE WIND AND THE RAIN AND WE ARE IN A STUDY. A FIRE CRACKLES REASSURINGLY. A CLOCK TICS OUT THE SECONDS.

BYRON: (READING POEM ALOUD)

"- and full in view. Behold! Her bosom and half her side,  
Hideous, deformed and pale of hue  
A sight to dream of, not to tell  
And she is to sleep by Christabel!"

LIGHT APPLAUSE. CLINKING OF DRINKS.

POLIDORI:

(LAUGHING) Encore! Encore!

CLAIRE:

Byron reads most beautifully, don't you think, Mary?

BYRON:

(AMUSED) Well enough to scare poor Percy out of his wits, by the look of it. Percy?

PERCY:

(DISTURBED, EDGY) What? What did you say?

MARY:

Percy? Are you alright?

PERCY:

Mary? (FEARFUL) What's happened to you? You - you - your eyes!

MARY:

Don't worry, there's nothing to be scared of. I'm here.

PERCY:

(DISORIENTATED) I thought I saw - I thought I saw -

POLIDORI:

Simply a bad reaction to the laudanum. It'll pass. Another story, Byron?

THE CLOCK CHIMES ONE.

MARY:

I think perhaps we've heard enough for one night.

CLAIRE:

I should like to hear some more.

BYRON:

No. I have a better idea! We will each write a ghost story!

MARY:

A ghost story?

BYRON:

To read aloud to-morrow night. A challenge! A past-time for these dark days! You, your sister, Percy, Polidori. Write something to thrill us. Something to chill us to the core!

POLIDORI / CLAIRE:

(LAUGH) If you insist / An inspired notion!

PERCY:

Maybe, er, Miss Clairmont, would you care to assist me with my story - in my room?

CLAIRE:

I should rather assist Lord Byron with his in his room.

BYRON:

(MOCKING LAUGH) And I would rather I wrote alone. What about you, Mary? Do you have an idea for a blood-curdling tale?

MARY:

(STUCK FOR INSPIRATION) I - I don't know -

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CLAIRE:

What was that?

BYRON:  
Someone outside, I would imagine.

POLIDORI:  
On a night like this?

PERCY:  
Could it be – could it be someone from the town?

BYRON:  
They'd hardly come knocking at this unholy hour.

THE DOOR KNOCKS AGAIN. SLOWER. HEAVIER. DELIBERATE.

MARY:  
Is anyone going to answer it?

CLAIRE:  
Maybe it's someone lost in the storm?

PERCY:  
Yes, that's probably it. Polidori, you go.

BYRON:  
No. We will all go.

THEY GET UP AND MOVE THROUGH A DOOR, A CORRIDOR.

POLIDORI / CLAIRE: (MUTTERING AGREEMENT)  
Very well / Most sensible.

BYRON:  
Light the lamp, could you Percy?

PERCY:  
Damn, sorry, hands trembling – there!

LAMP LIT. DOOR UNBOLTED. AND OPENED. THE STORM RAGES OUTSIDE.

MARY: (NARRATION)  
And that's when we saw the man. He emerged from the rain and the mist, lurching forward, his body hunched as though in great pain. As he drew closer, I saw that he was suffering the most terrible injuries – his skin was charred a glistening black and his face was peeled open to reveal the work of muscle and bone.

DURING THIS, WE HEAR THE CREATURES FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND STOP.

THE DOCTOR:  
(LABOURED BREATHING, SLOW, HOARSE, PAINED, LIKE A WILD ANIMAL)

BYRON:



What are you? Who are you?

CLAIRE: (QUIETLY)  
Oh my word – he looks barely alive –

BYRON:  
Answer me. Who are you?

THE DOCTOR:  
(MUMBLED, WITH GREAT EFFORT) The Doctor.

MARY:  
The Doctor?

PERCY:  
Possibly he means to say he requires a doctor?

THE DOCTOR:  
Doctor – Franken-stein! (GASP OF PAIN)

THE DOCTOR COLLAPSES, HEAVILY, FALLING ON DOOR. UNCONSCIOUS.

POLIDORI:  
We should get him inside. Byron, if you could help me lift?

BYRON:  
Ready, on your word.

POLIDORI:  
One, two – three! (CARRYING WEIGHT) Into the study, quickly.

BYRON AND POLIDORI HEAVING, SHIFTING BODY INTO STUDY.

PERCY:  
Is he – is he dead?

BYRON:  
(CARRYING WEIGHT) Not yet.

DOOR SHUT AND BOLTED. STORM QUIETENS.

POLIDORI:  
(CARRYING WEIGHT) Percy, if you want to make yourself useful –  
fetch my valise – and find something to dress these wounds –

PERCY:  
Right, right. Yes.

PERCY THUDS UPSTAIRS.

CLAIRE:  
What could have occasioned such injuries?

POLIDORI:

(CARRYING) He's been burned. I've seen it before, but not to this extent, at least, not on someone who was still breathing.

BYRON:

(CARRYING) Through here – Mary, clear the table –

TABLE HASTILY CLEARED – CUTLERY SHOVED ASIDE.

POLIDORI:

(CARRYING) And down.

THE DOCTOR PLACED ON TABLE.

MARY:

(TO THE DOCTOR, SOOTHING) It's alright. You're in good hands now – Polidori here is a doctor. One of Edinburgh's finest.

CLAIRE:

Is there anything we can do for him?

POLIDORI:

We can clean him up, attempt to alleviate his suffering – beyond that, I don't know. He should already be dead.

BYRON:

What did the fellow say his name was? Doctor –?

MARY:

Frankenstein. Doctor Frankenstein.

CLAIRE:

Odd name, never heard it before. German, d'you think?

### **3: INSIDE VILLA, STUDY.**

ANOTHER DAY. THE STORM HAS PASSED. CLOCK TICKING. EVENING BIRDSONG. WATER LAPPING ON SHORE. GENTLE BREEZE BLOWING.

MARY: (NARRATION)

We made out a bed for our visitor in the study, so he might be warmed by the fire through the night and receive fresh air during the day. Myself, Claire and Polidori took turns to watch over him, each doing our best to attend to his injuries, but with each passing day his condition grew ever more precarious.

INTO THE SCENE. MARY RINSING DRESSINGS IN A WATER BASIN.

DOCTOR:

(BREATHING HEAVILY, MUMBLING INCOHERENTLY IN SLEEP, AS THOUGH IN A NIGHTMARE) Gemma - Destrey - Compassion -

MARY:

It's alright. Calm, calm.

DOCTOR:

(CALMS, RETURNS TO SLEEP)

MARY RINSES MORE BANDAGES IN WATER.

MARY:

(CHATting IDLY, NOT EXPECTING AN ANSWER) You've had a hard night, haven't you? Did you lose your way in the storm?

DOCTOR:

(WAKING SUDDENLY WITH A GASP, AGITATED) The storm!

MARY DROPS HER BASIN IN SHOCK.

MARY:

Yes, the thunderstorm, that's when we found you.

DOCTOR:

(CONFUSED, GASping) No. Lightning! Only way - resurrection!

MARY:

I don't (understand)- (YELPS IN SURPRISE)

DOCTOR:

(REALISING) The TARDIS! It must have brought me here. So where am I? (BEAT) Wait. I know you! Your face, it's familiar.

MARY:

I'm afraid you must be mistaken. I don't know you.

DOCTOR:

No? No, maybe I saw it in a book somewhere.

MARY:

I think you must be thinking of someone else. I'm Mary.

DOCTOR:

Mary? Mary. Yes! So I must be - yes! I know this room, those curtains, that blood-red sunset. I've seen it before!

MARY:

The sunset?

DOCTOR:

Joe Turner! He never did clean his paintbrushes properly. It's eighteen sixteen, the year after the eruption at Tambora. The discolouration is due to volcanic ash in the upper atmosphere!

MARY:  
Careful, don't try to move -

DOCTOR:  
(WEAKENING) Lightning - the next storm, it must be then -

MARY:  
What must be then?

DOCTOR: (LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS WITH A GROAN, THEN BREATHING)

MARY: (NARRATION)  
But he was gone. I remained by his side through the night, but as the witching hours dragged by, his breathing became laboured and his body was overcome with an unnatural coldness.

#### **4: OUTSIDE VILLA, GARDENS ON LAKE.**

MARY WALKING THROUGH WOODS WITH POLIDORI AND PERCY. BIRDSONG.

PERCY:  
You were sitting up with him all night - again?

MARY:  
Someone had to. I'm surprised you missed me.

PERCY:  
We still don't know who he is, beyond his name. 'Doctor Frankenstein'! No-one in the town has ever heard of him.

POLIDORI:  
Mary, how was he when you left?

MARY:  
The strangest thing. Despite the roaring fire in the hearth, and the blankets piled high, whenever I touched his skin it was absolutely frozen, like ice. What could induce such a thing?

POLIDORI:  
I don't know. Nothing in my experience could (explain) -

CLAIRE: (DISTANT)  
(SHOUT) Mary! Mary!

CLAIRE RUNNING TO THEM.

MARY:

Claire – what is it?

CLAIRE:

(BREATHLESS) I – I'm sorry, Mary. He stopped. He just stopped.

**5: INSIDE VILLA STUDY.**

OUTSIDE, A STORM IS BREWING. INSIDE, THE CLOCK CHIMES SIX.

BYRON:

It appears we have a corpse on our hands.

POLIDORI:

I'll ride into Cologne tomorrow, to make the funeral arrangements –

PERCY: (DRUNK, HIGH)

(LAUGHING CRUELLY) Seems a waste.

CLAIRE:

A waste?

PERCY:

Nobody knows he's here. Nobody's asked after him.

MARY:

Percy, you're not well, you know how the laudanum affects you –

PERCY:

I propose an experiment! After the manner of Signor Galvani!

CLAIRE:

Signor Galvani?

PERCY:

Lord Byron, remember our discussion of the other night? If an electrostatic spark can occasion movement in a frog's legs –

BYRON:

Then – I see – might not a larger electrical charge –

PERCY:

– be used to imbue a whole body with a spirit of animation. Bestow it with a 'vital warmth'! The breath of life itself!

POLIDORI:

(INCREDULOUS) You intend to bring back the dead?

BYRON:

(LAUGHING SUPPORTIVELY) An excellent suggestion, Percy!

A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER. WINDOW SHUTTERS BANG.

CLAIRE:

I don't understand, (what) -

PERCY:

There's a storm brewing. Thunder! We take the body to the attic bedroom, attach it to the lightning rod with wire, piano wire, so the electrostatic charge flows directly into the corpse -

POLIDORI:

What you intend, it's obscene, immoral -

PERCY:

But you will help me, Polidori. Isn't that right, Byron?

BYRON:

It can't do any harm. After all, we can hardly make the poor wretch more dead. And it might prove a novel amusement.

CLAIRE:

You mean to make his legs twitch, like the frog?

PERCY:

Who knows? Who knows what will happen!

MARY:

Percy, you can't do this, listen to (me) -

PERCY:

Mary, don't tell me what I can and cannot do! We can always give him a Christian burial in the morning. Come, Byron, Doctor Polidori, help me prepare the body, we don't have much time -

THEY MOVE THE CORPSE, OPENING DOORS, SHIFTING FURNITURE.

## **6: INSIDE VILLA ATTIC ROOM.**

A CRASH OF THUNDER. WINDOW SHUTTERS BANG.

PERCY: (INSANE, MANIC)

Hurry, hurry - Polidori, have you attached the wires?

POLIDORI:

I have - but what we're doing, it's an outrage against nature.

BYRON:

Don't take it so seriously, John. It's only a diversion!

CLAIRE:

Yes, I think it all sounds rather fun!

POLIDORI:

Fun? This is madness, degenerate, abject madness.

PERCY:

There is no place for squeamishness in the quest for knowledge! One must be bold in spirit, unrestrained in enquiry –

MARY:

Percy, whatever's got into you, stop it. Stop it (at once) –

ANOTHER CRASH OF THUNDER. VERY CLOSE.

PERCY:

(MAD) Too late. The tempest is upon us! Come, god of Thunder, unleash your elemental fire! It is I – the modern Prometheus!

MARY:

You're going to get yourself killed.

PERCY:

What? Yes, yes, the ladies should stand back – and you, Byron –

CLAIRE:

Isn't this exciting? I wonder – (what)

ANOTHER CRASH. EVEN CLOSER.

PERCY:

(LAUGHING, INSANE) Come! Lightning – the fundamental force of the universe! The ether! The spirit! Strike! Strike! Strike!

A MASSIVE, HOUSE-SHAKING THUNDER STRIKE. LIGHTING CRACKLES.

DOCTOR:

(A SUDDEN, AGONISED, TERRIBLE BESTIAL SCREAM OF RESURRECTION)

CLAIRE:

(SCREAMS) Oh my (God) –

BYRON:

I don't (believe it) –

PERCY:

He's alive! (LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) He's alive! He's aliiive!

MARY: (NARRATION)

And, as we watched, the creature began to show signs of life and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. A creature that had once been a man, now transformed into a hideous monster. It heaved itself to the floor, breathing hard like a wild beast.

DOCTOR:  
(HEAVING, ANIMAL BREATHING, SNARLING ANGRILY)

DOCTOR RISING FROM TABLE. STARTS SMASHING SHELVES, JUGS, ETC.

BYRON:  
Polidori – keep out of its way – John!

DOCTOR:  
(EFFORT – SWINGS AT POLIDORI)

POLIDORI:  
(HIT, STRANGLER, THEN COLLAPSING) Aaaargh!

POLIDORI FALLS WITH A DEAD THUD. MORE SMASHING AND SHATTERING.

CLAIRE:  
(SCREAMS AGAIN) What, what (is it) (SCREAMS)

MARY:  
Everyone, stay back – (SOOTHING) – we don't want to hurt you!

DOCTOR LEAVES, DOOR SLAM, THUDDING DOWNSTAIRS. BRIEF SILENCE  
SAVE FOR CLAIRE SNIFFING AND THE ONGOING, THUNDERING STORM.

DOCTOR:  
(DISTANT ROAR OF PAIN AND RAGE)

MUFFLED SECOND DOOR SLAMS AS THE DOCTOR LEAVES BUILDING.

BYRON:  
It's alright, Miss Clairmont, it's gone. It's gone. You're  
safe.

MARY:  
Polidori, are you (alright) – ?

POLIDORI:  
(GROAN) I think so, just bruised – headache, hurts (GROAN) –

POLIDORI STAGGERS, KNOCKS TABLE. POLIDORI GASPS, HURT.

MARY:  
You're suffering from concussion, sit down-

POLIDORI:  
Shelley! What have you done! What have you created!

PERCY: (BEING STRANGED)  
Get off – I –

POLIDORI:



A demon, an abomination, a blasphemy against creation!

BYRON:

Let him go, John. Let him – go! (PULLING POLIDORI)

PERCY RELEASED WITH A WRENCH.

POLIDORI:

He – you saw what he did, that thing -

PERCY:

But it worked! The lightning re-animated him. Made him live.

POLIDORI:

If you call that living.

MARY:

And now, he's somewhere out there. Alone, in the storm.

OMINOUS CLAP OF THUNDER.

### **7: INSIDE VILLA, STUDY**

A LAMP BEING COLLECTED AND LIT. A HEAVY COAT BEING PUT ON.

BYRON:

You don't intend to go after him?

MARY:

He's our responsibility. We brought him back. What do you suggest we do? Leave him out in the wind and the rain to die?

BYRON:

At least wait until light, when it's safer –

MARY:

Safer for us, perhaps. But not for him.

CLAIRE:

Mary, it's too dangerous, you saw what he did to Polidori –

MARY:

I saw a creature in pain! You could see it in his eyes, he was more frightened of us than we were of him. I'm going after him.

BYRON:

Alone?

MARY:

Unless you wish to come with me? No? I thought not. Claire, put my 'husband' to bed, let him sleep off his flight of mania. Byron, you might like to tend to your doctor. Good-night.

LAMP LIT. DOOR OPENED AND OUT WE GO, INTO THE STORM.

### **8: OUTSIDE VILLA, FOREST/INSIDE TARDIS**

MARY TRUDGING THROUGH WIND, RAIN, THUNDER, RUSTLING TREES.

MARY: (NARRATION)

So I stepped out, into a dense and frightful darkness. Flashes of lightning illuminated the lake, making it appear like a vast sheet of fire, only to be succeeded by a pitchy blackness.

WE HEAR MARY APPROACH, TRUDGING THROUGH THE WOOD.

MARY:

Hello! Doctor! Doctor Frankenstein! It's Mary, remember? I'm sorry, for what they did to you. I just want to help –

MARY: (NARRATION)

I crept on, moving deeper and deeper into the forest, until a burst of lightning discovered an incongruous object. A small hut, rainwater streaming down its battered wooden walls, with the words 'Police Public Call Box' set above an open doorway.

MARY:

Hello! Doctor?

WE MOVE INTO THE TARDIS. LIGHTNING GROWS QUIET. NO TARDIS HUM. INSTEAD, FOOTSTEPS ON FLAGSTONES. ECHOEY, LIKE INSIDE A CHURCH.

MARY: (NARRATION)

I took a wary step into the structure and found myself in a vast and gloomy chamber, like the ruins of a gutted cathedral, a nightmare of buckled girders and crumbling masonry. At its centre, stooped over a brass altar, was the wretched creature.

SHE MOVES TOWARDS HIM, FOOTSTEPS RINGING OUT.

MARY:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(WEAK, IN PAIN, RECOGNITION) Mary.

MARY:

What is this place?

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS, STRUGGLING) The TARDIS. I'm afraid you're not really seeing us at our best! Had to come here. Stabilise my condition.

MARY:

Your condition? You mean the (lightning) -

DOCTOR:

Caught in a temporal storm. Broke through the defences. Infected us both with vitreous time.

MARY:

Vitreous time?

DOCTOR:

Corrosive. It burns. And inhibits my ability to regenerate.

MARY:

I don't understand, your words (are)-

DOCTOR COLLAPSES, FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

(WEAKENING) On my own this time - something to be thankful for! So long ago, so many companions, all gone now, so sad. Trix. Charley. Lucie. Alex. Todd. Rita. And you.

MARY:

Me?

DOCTOR:

We travelled together, for years. Don't you remember? The Cybermen? The Axons? King Harold at the battle of Hastings?

MARY:

We never travelled together, you must be mistaken.

DOCTOR:

No. No. You were there, you were (one of) - so tired. Maybe it's time to head home at last.

MARY:

Is there anything I can do?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS is a part of me. Isomorphic symbiosis. (PULLING HIMSELF UP) Have to send signal! Call for help.

THE DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS ON CONSOLE. IT'S DEAD - NO Bleeps OR WHIRRS, JUST THE SOUNDS OF THE SWITCHES AND LEVERS CLICKING.

DOCTOR:

Nothing. No good. You try, she responds better to humans.

MARY:

This switch here?

SWITCH IS PRESSED. A LOW HUM OF ENERGY. DISTRESS SIGNAL SOUNDS.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Done it! (SUDDEN WRENCHING PAIN) Aaargh! Renewal unstable. Until help arrives, I want you (to)-

MARY:

What? You want me to what?

DOCTOR:

Under the console. High-stress cables. Tie me up, quickly. Quickly! Losing control! Might hurt you.

MARY FINDS CABLES AND BEGINS TO TIE HIM.

MARY:

If you're sure?

DOCTOR:

No. Too late. Can't hold back the tide - (ROAR OF PAIN)

MARY:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(INCREASINGLY ANIMALISTIC BREATHING, RAGGED, ANGRY)

MARY:

Doctor - what's happening to you?

DOCTOR:

Run! Run for your life! (ANIMAL ROAR) Or I will kill you!

### **9: OUTSIDE VILLA, FOREST/INSIDE VILLA, STUDY**

BACK OUT INTO THE STORM. RUNNING THROUGH WOODLAND.

MARY: (NARRATION)

I turned and fled, out into the violence of the storm, stumbling through the torrential rain until at last I saw the lights of the Villa Diodati shining through the fog.

SHE ENTERS HOUSE - DOOR OPENING, CLOSING ONTO THE STORM.

CLAIRE:

Mary, are you alright - oh my, you're soaked to the skin!

MARY:

(OUT OF BREATH) I - he's out there - after me.

BYRON:

It's alright, the door is bolted. Nothing can get in.

CLAIRE:

You should be out of those wet clothes - come through, to the drawing-room - (CALLING) Doctor Polidori! It's Mary!

THEY MOVE INTO THE STUDY. FOOTSTEPS BOUNDING DOWN STAIRS.

POLIDORI:

What happened -

MARY:

Frankenstein. I found him.

POLIDORI:

You're shaking, get some brandy inside you. You found him?

POURING.

MARY:

There was this building, out in the forest, but it (was) -

THUMP ON THE DOOR.

CLAIRE:

(SLIGHT SCREAM) What (was) -

BYRON:

It's him. He's out there! He must've followed you.

THUMP ON DOOR AGAIN.

MARY:

Don't let him in! He said, he said he'd kill me -

POLIDORI:

Don't worry. You're safe with us, (now) -

WINDOW SMASHES.

DOCTOR: (OUTSIDE)

(ROAR, HOWL, SAVAGE)

CLAIRE:

(SCREAMS)

BYRON:

John, the lamp – throw the lamp!

LAMP THROWN.

DOCTOR: (OUTSIDE)  
(RECOILS, AS THOUGH BURNED, IN PAIN)

POLIDORI:  
(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Fire! It's afraid of fire! (JOKING) Now all we need is a mob of villagers with flaming torches.

BYRON:  
Help me, shift the table – we can put it up against the door, fashion a barricade –

REPEATED BANGING ON DOOR. WOOD BEGINNING TO BREAK AND SPLINTER.

MARY:  
He's getting through, he's getting through!

BYRON:  
Not yet he's not!

POLIDORI:  
I fear it may be too late – heaven preserve us –

SUDDENLY, THERE'S A FAMILIAR WHEEZING, GROANING SOUND. THE TARDIS LANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCENE WITH A ROARING WIND.

CLAIRE:  
What in the name of (God) –

MARY:  
The structure – the one I saw in the woods, it's the same one!

BYRON:  
What?

MARY:  
(READING) 'Police Public Call Box'!

POLIDORI:  
But it apparated out of thin air – impossible!

TARDIS DOOR OPENS. THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT – IN PERFECT HEALTH.

DOCTOR:  
Er, excuse me, sorry to burst in on you like this, but is anybody here in any kind of mortal peril?

MARY:  
(DISBELIEVING) But – you –

DOCTOR:  
Yes? Hello?

MARY:  
You're the Doctor!

DURING THIS, THE DOOR-BANGING, SPLINTERING CONTINUES.

DOCTOR:  
(CURIOUS) Yes, I am. Now how do you know that?

MARY:  
And your face. You look perfectly well, and... young.

DOCTOR:  
Well, that's very generous of you to say, (but)-

MORE DOOR-SMASHING. AND MAYBE A BANG OF THUNDER.

CLAIRE:  
(SCREAMS WITH ALARM) Lord have mercy on us!

POLIDORI:  
Whoever you are - that creature's still trying to get in! And the way it's attacking, that door won't last much longer -

DOCTOR:  
(LEAPING INTO ACTION) Creature? What 'creature'?

BYRON:  
(SARDONIC) The Doctor!

DOCTOR:  
(INCREDULOUS, CONFUSED) Sorry, what? Did you say the 'Doctor'?

POLIDORI:  
Doctor Frankenstein.

DOCTOR:  
Doctor Frankenstein?

MARY:  
You! It's you, out there! Another you. But - not like you.

CLAIRE:  
It's breaking through - oh my God, it's breaking through!

DOOR SMASHES OPEN. DOCTOR-MONSTER STOMPS IN.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:  
(BREATHING COARSELY)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Right. I see. Stand back, all of you. Leave this to me -

BYRON:

As you wish.

CLAIRE:

(WHIMPERING WITH FEAR) Byron, hold me!

DOCTOR-MONSTER STOMPING ABOUT, BREAKING THINGS.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(CONTINUES TO GROWL THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING)

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) You know who I am, don't you? I'm here to help.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(LUNGES, SNARLS, SNAPS)

MARY:

Doctor - careful - it said it (would) -

DOCTOR:

It's alright. (LIKE CALMING A HORSE) Woah, it's alright. No-one's going to harm you.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(CALMER BREATHING - IT'S LISTENING TO HIM)

DOCTOR:

That's it. Relax. Just look at the TARDIS key, the spinning, shining key. Your eyelids are so heavy, you can barely keep them open. And sleep. Sleep.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(FALLS ASLEEP - STILL BREATHING, BUT GENTLY, RELAXED)

DOCTOR MONSTER FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A STAGGER AND THUMP.

MARY:

You did it - you did it!

POLIDORI:

What have you done? Induced some sort of somnambulistic trance?

DOCTOR:

Yes, something like that. Now could somebody please explain to me what is going on?



**10: INSIDE VILLA**

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE VILLA. STORM FADING. FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS.

POLIDORI:

I've put the creature in the attic bedroom. It doesn't appear to be in any distress. Miss Clairmont has retired for the night

-

DOCTOR:

Good. Good. So tell me, whose idea was all of this?

POLIDORI:

Percy. He had this insane notion that lightning could re-animate a corpse. And that fiend upstairs is the result.

DOCTOR:

And the corpse you re-animated was me?

MARY:

He had the same voice as you, the same manner, but, well, you saw what he was like. He'd suffered the most dreadful, disfiguring burns.

DOCTOR:

And he turned up about a week ago?

BYRON:

He did.

DOCTOR:

Curious. (BACKTRACK) Sorry, sorry, did you say 'Percy'?

POLIDORI:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

(DELIGHT) And your name is - don't tell me - John Polidori?

POLIDORI:

Yes. How did (you know that) -

DOCTOR:

The Vampire! Loved that story. Except you haven't written it yet, have you? Forget I said anything. And you're - of course!

BYRON:

Oh, so you recognise me?

DOCTOR:

'Recognise'? You're Lord Byron! Always wanted to meet you. Love the look, by the way. Very Byronic. Well, it would be, wouldn't it? Which means you must be Mary! Mary Shelley!

MARY:

What is this game you are playing, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

And you must be why he gave the name Frankenstein! Yes! So, what year is this? Wait – that sunset, I've seen it before –

MARY:

'Joe Turner'?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Yes! He painted it, many times. How did you know that?

MARY:

The – the other 'Doctor' told me.

DOCTOR:

No. No, not another Doctor. The same Doctor. Me!

BYRON:

You?

POLIDORI:

I think my, ah, my headache is returning.

DOCTOR:

But I don't remember any of this, any of you, I've never been here before, in any of my lives. Mary, when I – when the creature – was with you, did it mention a distress signal?

MARY:

Yes. Yes, it did, yes.

DOCTOR:

Which I picked up. I thought it sounded strangely familiar. But if this Doctor isn't from my past – Ah. Oh dear. Oh dear.

BYRON:

What? What if he's not from your past?

DOCTOR:

Then he's from my future. He's a me-that's-yet-to-be.

POLIDORI:

A what?

DOCTOR:

But we shouldn't be here, in the same place, at the same time.

MARY:

I'm not following a word of this, but why not?

DOCTOR:

Why not? Well, because it's terribly embarrassing, for a start!

**11: OUTSIDE VILLA, FOREST/INSIDE TARDIS**

A NEW DAY. WALKING THROUGH WOODS. BIRDSONG. LAPPING WATER.

MARY:

A version of you from a time that is yet to transpire, who has travelled, in the blue structure, back to this year?

DOCTOR:

Yes. It's what I do.

MARY:

After being infected by this 'vitreous time'?

DOCTOR:

Yes. He would've been close to death, out of his mind, unable to help himself. The TARDIS brought him to the one point in history where he would receive the treatment he required.

MARY:

From you, you mean?

DOCTOR:

No. I couldn't do it. He needed - he needed a way of triggering a physiological renewal. A resurrection, if you like.

MARY:

(REALISING) The lightning!

DOCTOR:

Exactly. The TARDIS brought him here deliberately, knowing - no, remembering! - there would be an electrical storm! Having landed at this space-time location on a previous occasion.

MARY:

You do lead a most extraordinary and confusing life.

DOCTOR:

I know. It's more fun that way. (BEAT) What about you?

MARY:

Me?

DOCTOR:

Your life. Married to an idiot like Percy Shelley, I mean –

MARY:

(LAUGH) That's my husband you're talking about. An 'idiot' who will one day save your life?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Not greatly looking forward to that, to be honest. (BEAT) It's just that – you're not happy, are you?

MARY:

When I first met Percy, he promised me a life of adventure – we would run away together. Like characters from a romantic novel! He abandoned his wife and his child to be with me. I should've realised then what was to follow. But, well, I was in love.

DOCTOR:

You were sixteen, it's allowed.

MARY:

But he doesn't love me. He doesn't believe in fidelity, he – he's been having an affair with my sister. My half-sister.

DOCTOR:

Ah. And they think you don't know?

MARY:

No, I think they find it amusing that I do. The irony is that Claire is really in love with Byron. She's carrying his child.

DOCTOR:

And you thought my life was complicated! And Lord Byron?

MARY:

Lord Byron is in love only with himself.

DOCTOR:

So, not quite the life of adventure you'd been hoping for?

MARY:

We have no home, no money, little more than the clothes we stand in. (BEAT) We've arrived. Your – what did you call it? Your 'TARDIS'?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Or rather, the one belonging to my future self.

THEY MOVE INSIDE. BIRDSONG FADES. CATHEDRAL AMBIENCE.

DOCTOR:

Left the doors open. How careless of me. (BEAT) Oh dear.

MARY:

What is it? What's the matter?

DOCTOR:

What's happened to you, old girl? (TO MARY) It doesn't normally look like this. This place - it's a wreck. A burnt-out wreck!

MARY:

The temporal storm did this?

THEY APPROACH CONSOLE. FOOTSTEPS ON FLAGSTONES.

DOCTOR:

Yes. You catch on very fast. And because of the symbiotic relationship between my future self and this TARDIS, unless it can be restored to full working order, then neither can he.

MARY:

The health of one depends upon the health of the other?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Now, let's see -

CONTROLS ADJUSTED. NOTHING. JUST SWITCHES BEING CLICKED.

DOCTOR:

Nothing. The power cells are exhausted. Unless, unless!

MARY:

Unless?

DOCTOR:

Technically speaking it's against the rules, but if I use one of the power cells from my TARDIS, to set the ball rolling, as it were - I should be able to initiate the self-repair systems!

MARY:

With that small green crystal?

DOCTOR:

With this small green crystal, yes! (VICTORIOUS) Ha-ha!

CONSOLE THUMPED. POWER GRADUALLY COMING BACK ON. LIGHTS SWITCHING BACK ON WITH THUNKS. TARDIS HUMM SLOWLY RETURNING.

MARY:

What's happening?

DOCTOR:

Call it a forward investment - in my own future!

CELESTIAL WIND RISING. ORGAN MUSIC. MAGNIFICENCE ABOUNDS.

MARY:

Doctor. Could I have a proper explanation please?

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS, TRIUMPHANT) The TARDIS... is regenerating!

## **12: INSIDE VILLA, ATTIC**

GENTLE BREATHING OF DOCTOR-MONSTER. DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN.

CLAIRE:

How is the patient now, Polidori?

POLIDORI:

Still at peace. The heartbeat is regular and strong, though oddly there seems to be, well, one more than is conventional.

CLAIRE:

Two hearts?

POLIDORI:

It could be a result of the mutation, I'm (not sure) –

TARDIS LANDING. WHOOSHING AIR ETC.

CLAIRE:

That sound – it's the structure – like the one downstairs!

POLIDORI:

Another 'Police Public Call Box'! How many of them are there?

TARDIS HAS LANDED. CRUMP! DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

CLAIRE:

Mary!

MARY:

(RELIEF, GREETING) Claire, Doctor Polidori –

POLIDORI:

And the Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Polidori. And how is my, ah, 'future self'?

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(GIVES A WAKING GROAN AND GRUNT)

CLAIRE:

I think the 'being' is stirring.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Polidori, Claire, if you could leave us for a moment.

POLIDORI:

Is there nothing we can do to help?

DOCTOR:

Thanks for the offer, but no, no, I'll take it from here. Check on Percy Shelley, see if he's surfaced yet.

CLAIRE AND POLIDORI LEAVE. DOOR SHUTS.

MARY:

Why do you wish us to be alone?

DOCTOR:

I didn't want them to see what's about to happen. Now that the TARDIS belonging to my future self has been restored to health, it should kick-start his recovery. Isomorphic symbiosis! Watch!

SUITABLY MAGICAL, TINKLING, ORCHESTRAL SOUND EFFECTS AND MUSIC.

MARY: (NARRATION)

And, as I watched, the face of the miserable monster in the bed took on a golden glow, as though caught in a beam of sunshine at dusk. And then slowly, like molten wax, the creature's features and form shifted and healed, until, at last, it had metamorphosed into a man of faultless aspect. The Doctor.

DOCTOR-MONSTER:

(HEAVY BREATHING BECOMES NORMAL)

DOCTOR-MONSTER: (WHO WILL NOW BE REFERRED TO AS FUTURE DOCTOR)  
(WAKING) Who am I? What am I doing (here)? Oh no. It's you!

DOCTOR:

Hello, Doctor. How're you feeling?

FUTURE DOCTOR:

Fine. (REALISING) Oh no! I remember. This happened before, didn't it? The other way round? I was you! And now, I'm -

DOCTOR:

- the other one. Yes.

FUTURE DOCTOR:

It's all coming back to me. The temporal storm. The Villa Diodati! And you! No, don't tell me - aren't you with Samson and Gemma at the moment? Didn't you abandon them in Vienna?

DOCTOR:

In case you've forgotten, I was answering a distress signal – the one you sent? 'Time Lord in need of urgent assistance!'

MARY:

(INTERRUPTING) I'm sorry, but just to be clear in my mind – you're an older version of the Doctor?

FUTURE DOCTOR:

Well, yes, but as far as I'm concerned, he's a younger version of me. It's all relative.

MARY:

Right. But you shouldn't both be here, at the same time?

FUTURE DOCTOR AND DOCTOR: (TOGETHER)

No. Absolutely not/No. Certainly not.

FUTURE DOCTOR:

You do have a point, Mary. His very presence could cause a paradox of cataclysmic proportions.

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about? You're the one whose presence would cause the paradox!

MARY:

(SCREAM OF FRUSTRATION) Aaaargh!

FUTURE DOCTOR:

I should leave. Doctor. Nice meeting you, but we should do this less often. Take good care of yourself. After all, if you get yourself killed before you've become me, it (would)-

DOCTOR:

(would)- have disastrous consequences for the web of time. Yes, yes, I am aware of that! And you look after yourself, because I won't always be around to save you.

FUTURE DOCTOR:

You? Save me? Right, that's it. Goodbye, Mary. Goodbye, Doctor.

FUTURE DOCTOR STRIDES INTO TARDIS. IT TAKES OFF.

DOCTOR:

Of all the ungrateful, self-important, rude...!

MARY:

(LAUGH) But he's you. He's you!

DOCTOR:

Yes. Unfortunately. That's what's so irritating about it!



**13: INSIDE VILLA, HALLWAY**

A DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO THE SOUND OF AN ARGUMENT IN FULL FLOW. EVERYONE IS TALKING AT ONCE, CUTTING IN OVER EACH OTHER.

POLIDORI:

Your conduct over the last few days, Mr Shelley, has been beyond the pale. I wish to terminate my employment (at the earliest opportunity-)

PERCY: [SPEAKING OVER THE END OF PREVIOUS SENTENCE]

Need I remind you Polidori, you are no more than a servant in this household, (employed by Lord Byron to do as-)

BYRON: [SPEAKING OVER THE END OF PREVIOUS SENTENCE]

John, Percy, friends, friends. We've had a dark night of the soul, but the storm has passed. (A walk by the lakeside will-)

POLIDORI: [SPEAKING OVER THE END OF PREVIOUS SENTENCE]

I tell you, if I have to spend another minute in this place with that godless reprobate, I swear I will shoot him!

CLAIRE: [SPEAKING OVER THE END OF PREVIOUS SENTENCE]

I should wish to accompany you to the lakeside, Byron.

BYRON:

Oh, are you really so obtuse, Miss Clairmont, not to have realised I have no interest in you whatsoever. You bore me.

CLAIRE:

(BREAKS DOWN INTO TEARS) Byron, you (beast) -

PERCY:

Byron, as you know, I respect you as a friend and poet, (but I cannot allow you to address Miss Clairmont in such a manner -)

BYRON:

(MOCKING LAUGH) Cannot allow?

A DOOR CLOSES, MUFFLING THE REST OF THE ARGUMENT.

DOCTOR:

I think we'll leave them to it. Mary. Can I ask you a question?

MARY:

Go on.

DOCTOR:

Will you come with me?

MARY:

Come with you?

DOCTOR:

Travel with me, in my TARDIS. Be my companion. In an entirely platonic, no strings, separate sleeping arrangements sense.

MARY:

I don't know, it seems, well, quite wildly irresponsible –

DOCTOR:

You said you wanted a life of adventure. That's what I'm offering you. A chance to see the marvels of the universe.

MARY:

What about those friends of yours? Samson and Gemma?

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, I'll be back in Vienna before they've noticed I've gone. That's the thing about time travel. You could spend months – years – in other times, other worlds, and I could still have you back here a mere five seconds after you left!

MARY:

Your future self told me I had travelled with him. It seems it is my destiny. It appears I have no choice in the matter.

DOCTOR:

Oh, there's always a choice. You can always stay here, with your husband – if that's what you really want.

MARY:

He's not my husband.

DOCTOR:

Well then.

TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

MARY:

But before we depart. I have one question for you.

DOCTOR:

Yes?

MARY:

Your name. How should I address you? Doctor 'Frankenstein'?

DOCTOR:

No, no, no. Just 'the Doctor' will be fine.

MARY:

'The Doctor?'

DOCTOR:

Yes. You have to remember, it's very important. Frankenstein is the name of the monster – and not the name of the Doctor!

TARDIS DOOR SHUTS AND IT TAKES OFF, FOR ADVENTURES YET UNTOLD.

**THE END**